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THE CRESSET

Dadaism
Psychopathic Adventure
THEODORE GRAEBNER

A Preface
to Naziism
J. FREDERIC WENCHEL

Maurice Ravel
WALTER A. HANSEN

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 1 NO. 4

Twenty-five Cents

The CRESSET

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In This Issue:

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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

Whither Are We Drifting—Propaganda Examined—Panay Again—For Henry Ford and Against the Railroads—Education in the United States—Should Children Go on Strike?

The Hour of Decision

THE American people will do well to keep an eye on their national capital. Momentous things are apt to happen there. Decisions of tremendous consequence lie in the offing. Far from constituting the actual crisis themselves, the revolutionary developments in the affairs of our government during the past five years have simply paved the way for the final testing of the principles on which our Federal Government is founded. This testing is about to begin in dead earnest.

Nothing could be more significant at the present juncture than the fact that every major item on the agenda of the special session of Congress was intimately tied up with the supreme issue before the American people, the question of the centralization of the powers of government. One need not be a prophet nor the son of a prophet to foresee that, at least as far as our internal affairs are concerned, the same situation will obtain in the regular session.

And in what direction are we drifting? This is not hard to tell. The doctrine of the necessity of the concentration of power in the hands of a strong central government is a basic principle in the dominant political philosophy of our day. It seems to be in the very air we breathe. It has already become part and parcel of our political thought; and, strange as it may seem, most of us seem to like it. In view of this, but one question remains to be answered: To what extent will our lives and the destinies of the American people be dominated and determined by this doctrine?

While this question is being decided, the fate of our free democratic institutions lies in the balance.

Toward Dictatorship?

NO ONE will deny that the framers of the Constitution of the United States put forth their utmost endeavor to prevent the centralization of governmental powers in our country. In unmistakable terms they founded our government upon the democratic principle of Federalism. The essence of the form of the federal system, says Mr. James Truslow Adams, "is the division of powers among the departments of the Federal Government, between that government and the States, and between all of these and the people themselves." All powers necessary to the general welfare of the nation were lodged in the Federal Government, all others were allocated to the individual States. Both governments, however, were to be held in check by the people themselves, who retained the sovereign right of suffrage as a guarantee of their personal liberty. But this is not all. Even in the Federal Government itself a judicious separation of powers was provided for. Three definite departments were created, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial, and each was invested with certain well-defined duties and prerogatives. The result was a very effective system of checks and balances.

In spite of all this, there was from the very beginning an undeniable trend toward centralization of power in the hands of the Federal Government. This trend has continued throughout our history. As the nation became more compact, both by reason of the ever-increasing number of common problems and the ties of modern means of communication, the process of centralization was naturally quickened. Under the New Deal this finally resulted in the NRA, the AAA and the TVA.

Considered by itself, the centralization of power at Washington is not as alarming as some may think. After all, it is impossible to draw a definite and permanent line of demarcation between the domain of the Federal Government and that of the States, for, as Prof. Henry Steele Commager of Columbia University says, "Federalism is not something fixed and final, a law of nature, . . . but a rule of practice. The proper approach to the problem of Federalism is not one of legal doctrine, but of sociological experiment." In other words, the line of demarcation must be shifted in accordance with the demands of the age. Notwithstanding, the American people must constantly be on the alert lest all the important powers of the States and the people be appropriated by an ambitious national bureaucracy.

But one thing is alarming indeed and demands the close attention of all our people, namely the swiftly increasing and in some respects almost dictatorial powers of the President. We agree with Mr. Adams when he says: "It appears that the aim of the President is twofold: First, to concentrate power in the hands of the Federal Government as opposed to

the States, and, second, within the Federal Government itself to concentrate power in the hands of the Executive."

Recent utterances and events in Washington augur no good. All point toward an ever more determined centralization of power in the White House. But this dare not be permitted to continue, for the moment the supreme powers of government are concentrated in the hands of one man, the death-knell of our free American institutions has sounded, no matter who that man may be.

Outenglishing the English

TRAVELERS seem to be pretty well agreed that the English have developed more ways of making unpalatable dishes out of good materials than any other nation. No doubt that is the reason why in larger cities one finds French, German, Italian, Hungarian, and other restaurants, but never an English one—only English tea rooms, and not many of those. But let the English look to their laurels. America will not permit itself to be altogether outdone in any thing, not even in gastronomic incompetence. We will yet show the world that we can beat the English at making foods insipid! Big business, patriotic as always, is leading the way with the aid of science. Marvelous advances have already been made. There was a time when commercial dill pickles tempted the palate. They tempt no longer, and at the last convention of the American Institute of Master Pickle Makers the Committee on Flavor proudly announced that there are well-founded hopes that within the next decade the last lingering vestiges of taste can be banished. Not far behind are the Associated Jellymakers, who are working toward the glorious day when all jellies will taste alike—just a bit sweet—and otherwise will differ only in color and name. It would be unfair, in this connection, not to mention also those who make commercial pie fillings and gravies. The former are almost ready to put on the market a new rubberoid filling which is not only flavorless but can also be chewed indefinitely without damage to it. The gravy workers, of course, cannot be expected to go much farther because their product is almost perfect now from the standpoint of looks, color, creep, and specific gravity.

All these craftsmen have registered their triumphs in the great campaign to take the savor out of foods, but it must be acknowledged that the most notable achievements have not been achieved by them, but by the baking industry. The bread from the smaller bakeries still has taste, but the large wholesale concerns now stand without a rival in the world for the production of tasteless bread. Even Englishmen who come to our shores frankly admit it. "Isn't it wonderful?" recently said a prominent bakery magnate. "It looks

like chalk, has the feel and consistency of moist blotting paper, and yet it is far superior to blotting paper because that has *some* taste." The only disturbing feature in this happy situation is that some millions of American families have gone back to home baking because they still have the outmoded notion that one should eat one's bread with pleasure. They evidently lack appreciation of the subtler aims in life, such as that of outenglishing the English at their own game.

Propaganda Analyzed

PROPAGANDA as a tool to influence people's opinions or emotions is decidedly not a 20th century device. The Inquisition was propaganda in a very lurid form. So was the hanging of John Brown. That propaganda is being deliberately used today, as never before, to make us vote a certain way or to buy a specific cheese or aspirin is one of those obvious facts. Our welcome, therefore, to the recently organized institute *Propaganda Analysis, Incorporated.* The institute defines propaganda as "an expression of opinion or action by individuals or groups deliberately designed to influence opinion or actions of other individuals or groups with reference to predetermined ends." Propaganda designed to preserve the democratic way is acceptable to the institute, but the moment propaganda seeks to undermine our current political ways it is to be rejected.

In one of its monthly letters the institute lists the seven most common propaganda devices. They are the name calling device, the glittering generalities device, the transfer device, the testimonial device, the plain folks device, the card stacking device and the bandwagon device. Remember how the Republicans made Alf Landon attend services at the old frame church, or how he raided the kitchen cupboard to cut (for the hungry newspapermen) some of the good wife's apple pie? Remember how F.D.R. sang *There's a Long, Long Trail* with his buddies at the Legion convention in Buffalo? And don't forget Earl Browder kissed a baby during the campaign! Ah, just plain folks. Everyone, politicians, superintendents, ministers, business men, funeral directors, like to use this device.

We suggest that the following Associated Press item be sent to *Propaganda Analysis, Inc.* at 132 Morningside Drive, New York.

JAPANESE OFFICERS
STAGE KILLING RACE

Tokyo, Nov. 30.—(AP)—The Tokyo newspaper *Nichi Nichi* reported in a dispatch from Changchow, China, that two Japanese sub-lieutenants were engaged in a race to see which would be the first to kill 100 Chinese soldiers.

The score stood 56 to 26.

Teen Age Strikes

MR. BOAKE CARTER, the famous newspaper columnist and radio lecturer, recently devoted his newspaper column to the subject of Youthful Lawlessness. He took as his text for his newspaper preachment the prevalence of strikes among school children who take this method of forcing teachers and boards to recognize their desires and demands. Mr. Carter finds in these school strikes a sinister tendency which promises future trouble for the embryonic citizens and the country. He asks the following questions:

"What are they going to do when they are grown up and out in the business world and don't like the man they are working for? Are they going to walk out? What if they don't like the man or woman they marry, are they going to walk out? Will they have any sense of responsibility?"

Mr. Carter very definitely lays the blame for these school strikes at the door of the parents who either condone or in some instances encourage this lawless tendency in their children.

Perhaps the indifferent parents of the striking youngsters are putting into effect some of the principles of a misguided child psychology which speaks of the danger of erecting inhibitions in the child's life and of preventing full self-expression. After all the best rules of child psychology may be found in the pages of Holy Writ regarding the relationship between children and their parents. Mark Twain once remarked that the rules of discipline were learned by a child not only at the mother's knee but over the mother's knee. Perhaps an occasional application of the traditional slipper as a means of correction and chastisement might not be amiss.

The Jew in Palestine

IT IS but natural that in the great issue between Jews and Arabs in Palestine which is proving such a knotty problem for the British government, our sympathies should be inclined towards the Jew who by British encouragement came back to what he still claims as his "homeland." We are apt to picture the Jewish immigrant in the Holy Land as animated by pious fervor and religious zeal, desirous of reëstablishing not only a national entity but also the religion of his fathers in its ancient setting. It appears, however, that many of the new settlers had no religious motivation. A Jew who has settled near Galilee says of his fellow colonists: "We are all free thinkers with the exception of two. Our religion is work. We have no Synagogue. We do not pray. We are atheists. We do not believe the Bible is the Word of God. Religion does not interest us. We observe the Black Fast and the Day of Atonement. However, we do not observe it religiously, but nationally."

Evidently the modern Palestinian Jew is dominated by the same purely materialistic interests that so completely absorb many of his American brothers. He will make no contributions to the establishment of Judaism on its native soil. His quarrels with his Arab neighbors will lack the extenuating glamour of religious fervor. He will have no higher ideal than his own material advantage. If the attitude expressed above is representative of the Palestinian settler it will help the American observer to view the tangled situation confronting the English government with greater objectivity and with less misplaced sentimentality.

If on the Yangtze Why Not Here?

WHEN Christian churches push their missionary activities into foreign fields, they consider the establishment of religious schools to counteract the influence of pagan education around them as self-evident. But if in China and Japan, in India and Arabia, why not in America? The church is confronted with an either-or as definite in the United States as in any heathen land. Says the *Living Church:* "Slowly, but surely, the realization is coming upon the Church that less than an hour one day a week is not enough time to counteract the day-to-day secularist influence of our public schools. What is the use of teaching religion as a separate compartment of knowledge when the school textbooks on natural and social sciences ignore the very existence of God and explain the world for the student on grounds which cannot be called other than materialistic?" Then, referring to the diocesan and parochial schools established in the foreign missionary districts of the Church, the same paper says: "Surely we in America have little more reason than they to be complacent about our educational system."

The *Living Church* then acknowledges as news of a real forward step in religious education the establishment of a parochial school at Christ Church, Raleigh, North Carolina. In its news columns the rector of Christ Church says that on the opening 132 pupils were registered, with a capacity of 150. The tuition is $50.00 a semester. The motive for establishing this school was, to quote Rev. John A. Wright, the rector, "the belief that the Church should not abandon the education of its youth entirely to secular authorities, but that religious education should be on an equal plane and go hand in hand with secular education."

From Westchester, Pennsylvania, comes a report regarding successful efforts to establish a Christian Day and Boarding School for children of the ages six to twelve. The tuition is $100 per year, for boarding pupils, $300. The supervisor, Mrs. Arthur M. Hay, says that the purpose of the

institution is "the correlation of evangelical Christianity with the entire life and curriculum of a good grade school." "Character, not intellectuality, is the source of all right living; for character combined with the spiritual experience which originates in regeneration through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and with the trained mind, leads to the highest achievement."

Susannah Wesley's Principles of Child-Training

IN HIS famous *Journal,* John Wesley has preserved a letter from his mother, dated July 24, 1732, in which she herself describes the principles she followed in the training and education of her large family. We feel that our age may profit by a careful perusal of this letter and therefore bring it in full, as quoted in Maximin Piette's *John Wesley.*

"Dear Son:

"According to your desire, I have collected the principle rules I observed in educating my family; which I now send you as they occurred to my mind, and you may (if you think they can be of use to any) dispose of them in what order you please.

"The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth: as in dressing, undressing, changing their linen, etc. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep; after that they were, if possible, laid into their cradles awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping; which at first was three hours in the morning and three in the afternoon; afterwards two hours, till they needed none at all.

"There were several by-laws observed among us, which slipped my memory, or else they had been inserted in their proper place; but I mention them here, because I think them useful.

"1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often led children into lying, till they get a custom of it, which they cannot leave. To prevent this a law was made. That whoever was charged with a fault, of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying, and would have done more, if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed on, and therefore was often imposed on by false colours and equivocations; which none would have used (except one), had they been kindly dealt with. And some, in spite of all, would always speak truth plainly.

"2. That no sinful action, as lying, pilfering, playing at Church, or on the Lord's Day, disobedience, quarreling, etc., should ever pass unpunished.

"3. That no child should ever be

chid or beat twice for the same fault; and that, if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterwards.

"4. That every single act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the cause.

"5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted; and the child with sweetness directed how to do better for the future.

"6. That propriety be inviolably preserved, and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing or a pin; which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of the children; and from the want of parents or governors doing it as they ought, proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world.

"7. That promises be strictly observed; and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given; unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

"8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time, that she was held to in reading. This rule is much to be observed; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read is the very same reason why few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

Panay From a Distance

OFFICIALLY and formally the *Panay* incident is closed. The governments of the parties involved have gone through the usual motions of affront and apology and all is once more comparatively quiet along the Yangtze and the Potomac. Such incidents, however, have a way of lingering. Their effect is cumulative until only a minor explosion is required to unleash the dogs of war. On the whole, America kept its head pretty well. There were only occasional echoes of the hysteria of 1917 when a country that did not want to go to war was tricked and bullied and persuaded into doing so. Walter Winchell quoted a "big man in Wall Street" as saying that the United States would be at war within three weeks (as of December 15), but beyond that the press was remarkably cool and sane. This is as it should be. Although the *Panay* bombing was entirely inexcusable, everyone seems to realize that a war between Japan and the United States would be a world calamity. It would probably mark the end of every democracy on our troubled planet. Of course, its

feasibility from the military and naval point of view is still an open question.

For a thorough understanding of the incredibly stupid and foolhardy action of the Japanese war machine in bombing the *Panay* one must remember that there are sharp internal tensions in the Japanese government. There can be little doubt that the attack was deliberately planned by a small group of militant and restive extremists in Japan, headed by Colonel Hashimoto. This military clique seeks control of Japanese affairs and had hoped to use the *Panay* incident as an occasion to intimidate the calmer leaders of the Japanese civil government. From this point of view the *Panay* incident sheds a significant light on the lengths to which the blind nationalists and patriots of Japan will go. Here in the United States, we might ask two questions:

1. What are American gunboats doing on the Yangtze River? There are no Japanese war vessels on the Mississippi.
2. How much of the publicity given the *Panay* incident was propaganda?

"The Greatest Racket"

OUR senators and Congressmen have long ago ceased to be appalled by the contemplation of deals that go into mere millions. Also, they have long since begun to understand that big business is a very complicated thing. When Mr. Morgan was being investigated, the task of accounting for his loans to the nations at war required the presence in Washington of an office force which, with its books and records, occupied an entire floor in one of the big hotels. (We remember that in all this maze of transactions, there was not an unlawful act, and that the congressional committee gave Mr. Morgan's firm a clean bill of health.)

But we have now listened in on another investigation, that of the railroad business. Here the investigators struck pay-dirt. Senator Wheeler is accustomed to the devious ways of politics, but he admitted that he suffered an attack of intellectual vertigo as he tried to follow the magicianship of the Van Sweringens in making impalpable dollars perform the prodigies of solid gold. There was some fourth-dimension bookkeeping, too, in the tangled affairs of the Missouri Pacific, which was too cryptic, Mr. Wheeler confessed, for a mere senatorial mind.

But it required the plain-spoken Missouri Senator, Mr. Truman, to give expression in one brief phrase to the experience of his committee with the railroad executives. It appears that some of the leaders in the railroad world had to admit that some of the bookkeeping was entirely fictitious, and that the various stock and bond issues of certain railroads were built up on a system of accounting for which even Mr. Einstein would not be able to produce a formula.

What he heard in committee caused Mr. Truman to say that the business of railroad financing and reorganization is the "greatest racket on earth." The charges which he brings of greed, deception, false bookkeeping, speculation and betrayal of stockholders are all based on the evidence adduced in the Senate committee's investigation, with bankers, lawyers, heads of insurance companies and railroad directors all participating in the endless operation of breaking the companies.

It seems that in order to revive confidence in the railroad business, and in the life insurance companies that depend upon the honest administration of this business, some high dignitaries must go to the penitentiary.

Is it any wonder that a fierce flame of hatred against the rich burns in the hearts of many people and that we have Communistic and revolutionary propaganda, when the stewards of great wealth so misuse their position?

The Case Against Mr. Ford

SINCE Secretary Ickes made his sensational attack on Henry Ford and his policies in his New Year's address, we have done some thinking. Mr. Ford is charged with being one of the malevolent group of industrialists who out of sheer hatred of the New Deal, if we understood Mr. Ickes correctly, wrecked the industrial structure by stopping the pay checks to employees and dividend disbursements to owners alike. Mr. Ford was pictured as a man who sets himself above the Federal as well as the moral law, a grinder of the faces of the poor.

Now, as a matter of fact, the record does not show any conflict of Mr. Ford with the law except when he refused to go under the NRA code. The position which he then took was upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. Since the master of River Rouge has been put on the spot, we have done some reminiscing. We remember the time when Wall Street—or shall we say the Sixty Families?—tried to throttle the Ford industry. How did Ford survive the attack? When Wall Street withheld the funds indispensable for conducting a large business, his employees voluntarily came to the rescue and offered him millions of dollars in cash. He was then able to organize his own bank, and saved his business.

Most of us know about the assembly line only from hear-say. It is remarkable, however, that the attack on the Ford industry is not leveled against the assembly line or mass production, as a degradation of labor. We do know that Mr. Ford established the highest wage standards for all American industry. When others paid $2.00 a day, he fixed his minimum at $5.00.

I know a shop worker, a man with but a seventh grade education, and with only practical shop training, who

was raised from this figure to $100 a week, and since he was able to combine good fellowship and diplomacy with high efficiency, he was given charge of a shop and earned $1,000 a month when I knew him. He was later advanced to $6,000 a month.

Mr. Ford has founded a huge industrial empire, one of the five greatest in the world, because he is that rare combination, a great inventor and a great business executive. He has produced untold millions for others. He has enabled tens of thousands from among the uneducated masses to become well-to-do and has given ten thousands of others an opportunity to live on standards unheard of elsewhere in the world, and unheard of in the United States until he established his standards of workmen's compensation.

We do not believe that either Mr. Ickes or Mr. Lewis of the C.I.O. are actuated by Communistic ideals. If Communism took the place of the wage system, the branch on which Mr. Lewis sits would be cut off. But it has been proven up to the hilt that his leading henchmen are violent supporters of Communism. In view of the humanitarian instincts of Mr. Ford—think of his peace ship of 1917—is it so foolish to believe that Mr. Ford dares to be a real friend of labor, and protect his men from such an organization? Possibly he does not believe the best interest of his workers will be served by violent supporters of Communism. Possibly he has the courage to refuse to make a bargain with desperate characters, and save himself much money and trouble. Probably he prefers being behind the times when it comes to selling his workmen down the river, thus becoming a party to the ruthless regimentation of American workmen for the benefit of politicians and irresponsible racketeers.

★ ★ ★

Habits

Why people say tomahto
Yet fail with their patahto,
Why some insist on vahs,
But never say "in cahs,"
Is something I can't understand.

W. H. HAFNER

A further examination of decadence—A fascinating glance into the insane corners of modern literature and art—A subject for laughter—and horror—

DADAISM II . . . Psychopathic Adventure

By THEODORE GRAEBNER

FATHER DIVINE has gone Dada. The former George Baker (colored),—since his conversion by the mulatto Evangelist Jehovia, called "Father Divine,"—God Almighty to his adherents in Harlem and San Francisco,—has gone Dada. Listen: "Relaxation of the conscious mentality is the super-mental relaxativeness of mankind." This is a good start, but he can do better. He tells his worshipers that heaven is "tangibleateable." And that isn't all; heaven is "not only tangibleated, but tangibleateable. It has been tangibleated, and it can be retangibleated; it can and will continue to materialize, and personify, rematerialize and repersonify, for the great materializing process is going on." The audience is expected to be intelligent enough to see in Father Divine a shining example of how God has rematerialized and repersonified himself among them.

So much for Harlem.

The trustees of the Art Institute on the Lake Front in Chicago have taken another step to justify Dadaism to the art-loving public. In Stickney Gallery, 39, they have hung a new picture, "Dead Fowl," a still life by the Polish Jew, Haim Soutine. Mr. C. J. Bulliet, who writes art criticism for the *Chicago Daily News,* tries to make a case for the "Dead Fowl" by pointing out that "Soutine was no more afraid of butcher-shop raw meat and blood than Rembrandt." He continues: "Were Rembrandt's 'Carcass of an Ox' hung in the Institute without a label, women might faint and strong men turn pale. But a label would be an effective restorative—Rembrandt can do no wrong—now. Well, Soutine learned about meat from Rembrandt. Fascinated by the mighty Dutchman's 'Carcass of an Ox,' he scraped together enough money to buy a half a beef of his own. He hung it in his Paris studio

in summer, painted industriously for ten days and was then forced by his neighbors to turn it over to the garbage man. But he had a 'still life' second only to Rembrandt's. "Dead Fowl' is painted in the 'spirit' of his half a beef."

I have seen Rembrandt's "Slaughtered Beef" in the Louvre, Paris. It is No. 2548 in Room 32. It is horrible. But it is art, while Soutine's "Dead Fowl" has the unmistakable marks of Dada.

Enter Gertrude Stein

However, the greatest advance scored by decadent expressionism in our country has been made in the field of fiction and poetry. There is at the present time quite a school of writers who are more or less successfully following the European example. Gertrude Stein is really European, but here is a sample of what the *Atlantic Monthly* only last fall thought good enough for its pages:

"It is funny everybody knows but of course everybody knows that writing poetry that writing anything is a private matter and of course if you do it in private then it is not what you do in public. We used to say when we were children if you do it in public you will do it in private. Well anyway when you say what you do say you say it in public but when you write what you do write you write it in private if not you do not write it, that is what writing is, and in private you are you and in public you are in public and everybody knows that."

Miss Stein belongs to the literary stratosphere. But how about *The Big Money* by John Dos Passos? Having lately figured in the *New York Herald-Tribune's* weekly chart of What America Is Reading, this novel may be considered average mental food for Americans. Here is a sample:

tonight start out ship somewhere join up sign on the dotted line enlist become one of

hock the old raincoat of incertitude (in which you hunch alone from the upside-down image on the retina painstakingly out of color shape words remembered light and dark straining

to rebuild yesterday to clip out paper figures to simulate growth warp newsprint into faces smoothing and wrinkling in the various barelyfelt velocities of time)

tonight now the room fills with the throb and hubbub of departure the explorer gets a few necessities together coaches himself on a beginning

Writers who have accepted Dadaist expressionism have a magazine, *Transition*. In 1929 this periodical contained a serial entitled "Work in Progress." A brief sample will illustrate: "Sis dearest, Jaun added, with a voise somewhit murky as he turned his dorse to her to pay court to it, melancholic this time while his onsaturncast eyes in stellar attraction followed swift to an imaginary stellaw, O, the vanity of Vanissy!"

This may be gibberish to the unschooled reader, but happily a glossary is available. A commentator gives these explanations of the passage:

"Voise: his voice, grown hoarse, suggests 'noise:' Somewhit: a trifle less than

'somewhat;' Dorse: he turns his back on her to pay court to his voice; Onsaturn-cast: upward (toward the planet), plus 'uncertain;' Stellaw: allusion to Dean Swift's Stella; 'Vanissy' continues the motif."

"As Wife Has a Cow"

A volume entitled "Transition Stories" was published in the same year. The authors of these stories describe their efforts as the "straining towards a new magic." Most of the stories are plotless and the speakers have no connected thing to say and no connected way of saying it. N. L. Rothman has said concerning these stories: "They are vague gestures in a self-created vacuum, often suggestive of the musings of insanity, never removed from the all-absorbed sense of ego which prevents these men from seeing anything but mirrors." The final plunge is made in a story by Gertrude Stein which closes the book, aptly enough. It is presumably a story, since the title is "As Wife Has a Cow, a Love Story." Mr. Rothman says: "I have read it through three times and rest still upon that early presumption. It will be best to quote the first convenient sentence: 'Feeling or for it, as feeling or for it, come in or come in, or come out of there or feeling as feeling or feeling as for it.' I can make nothing of it. I can only suggest that Miss Stein has arranged the words with a view toward exhibiting their sound in different combinations, or, perhaps, searching for color harmonies. It is clear, at any rate, that she has nothing to communicate to the reader that can be said in words that possess any larger significance than sound."

"Harmonium" is the title of a volume of poems by Wallace Stevens published in New York in 1931. When Wallace Stevens plays on his harmonium he makes a noise like the following:

"Earthly Anecdote."

"Every time the bucks went clattering over Oklahoma a firecat bristled in the way. Wherever they went they went clattering, until they swerved in a swift, circular line to the right, because of the firecat. Or until they swerved in a swift, circular line to the left, because of the firecat. The bucks clattered. The firecat went leaping, to the right to the left, and bristled in the way. Later, the firecat closed his bright eyes and slept."

It is true that this poem is arranged by the author in short and long lines. One of the lines consists of the single word "and." Yet concerning this unconscionable nonsense a critic has delivered himself of the following utterance: "No American poet excels him in the sensory delights that a spick-and-span craft can stimulate; none is more skilful in arranging his music, his figures and his design."

The words of the critic are almost as devoid of meaning as the poetry which he quotes. But reviewers today seem to live in dread of the suspicion that unless they treat volumes containing incomprehensible ravings like the above as great masterpieces, they will be regarded as backward in development.

But let us go on with the show.

Percy Mackaye has written "The Gobbler of God" and the famous firm of Longmans has printed the volume. "The Gobbler of God" is to be the modern version of a characteristic "faery legend" of the Kentucky mountains. The tale runs something like this:

Clothing Goes Down the River

Arvel MacKnight of "Ca'liny" has come to Tennessee to wed proud Margery, "the lily-white maid." He brings with him a little Negro girl who stops at a creekford to bathe. While doing so, she loses her clothing in the swift stream. The loss of the clothing seems to have no bearing on the tale, if there be any tale. One remembers, however, that negroes are literarily fashionable just now, and a naked one, of course, would be so much the better. Being naked, the black girl sings "Swing low, sweet chariot," for awhile. Then she dances. Then the "Gobbler of God" appears with a flock of turkeys, and there is a good deal of wholly mystifying stage business involving the little negress and the turkeys. Then MacKnight appears and asks what the little girl has done with her shirt. A little later the "lily-white maid" appears with her brothers, and there seems to be serious trouble somehow, though what it is about does not get to the reader. Something eventuates as a result of this hazy situation, but nothing that reaches the understanding. Finally, MacKnight and his bride ride far away and live like wild animals in the primeval forest. Why they do this it is impossible to say; but they do. Many years afterwards MacKnight offers to tell his story (what story?) to some children.

"Childers," says the old man, "hit's the olderest tale in the world." He gives each child some "wove haars," and says: "Slip 'em on, each of ye! You kin wear 'em whiles I tell ye the tale; for they'll spell ye with the only charm what kin understand hit."

Then the old man seems to tell something or other, but certainly what he tells has no meaning of any sort. Evidently the "wove haars" are indispensable to comprehension.

The alleged story is written in long and short lines which give much evidence of anxious striving for poetical impressiveness. The author explains his form as "rather a structure of what I may call speech rhythm than of literary verse." "The poetry of mountain speech," he explains, "is characterized by a rhythmic utterance under stress of imaginative emotion," and he has "sought to suggest this with fidelity." But if the intention was to suggest mountain speech with fidelity, what of a line like the following?

"Once more burst the pent vomit of stridulating vowels."

And what of a passage like this one, which is thoroughly characteristic?

"Proud Margery writhed in the firelight,
Hissing wild spume.

With the stamp of his heel
Blood spurted from her crushed forehead
And her coppery hair crackled into flames.
Swiftly on the slant rock
Knotting and twining,
Her slim body sloughed the spottled sheath of her gown
And writhed in burning loops, encoiled with the babe—
A live-flame ball,
That over the jutting verge
Rushed downward with upwriggling fire,
Plunging the dark . . .
—Like the snake of a falling star it flared the far slopes of the valley."

Psychoanalyzing Dada

But the reader is impatient to know whether for this strange new form of expression there is not some rational, psychological explanation. Well, the attempt has been made. Wilson Follett, who wields an able pen and has taught at Brown and at Dartmouth, in a recent *Atlantic Monthly* article brings this type of writing into line with modern psychology, which stresses the subconscious. It regards "the orderly, controllable operations of consciousness as artificial, shallow, and of little consequence. What is all-important, what is alone fully real, is the action of unseen, unwilled swirls and eddies under the surface of the mind—in a word, the subconscious." Now, says Follett, the surface twitchings of the mind, the squirming of thought as it struggles for expression,—not the thought itself nor even its expression, but its subconscious boiling-up out of the convolutions of the brain,—is the important thing and should be represented in literature.

There may be some merit in this suggestion. But it does not altogether explain the evolution of this manner of writing at this time. There seems to be involved a kind of retribution. Literary art appears to be reaping the reward of having debased its powers in the service of anti-God-ism and immorality so long that it has lost the guiding control of reason and of every law of art and has become pathological, has passed into the stage of brain-storm well recognized by students of the abnormal as a phase in mental derangement.

Fred C. Kelly not so long ago wrote a fine burlesque of this type of poetry, sent it to a magazine, which did not realize its intentional lack of meaning and printed it with words of fulsome editorial praise. Here are ten lines, enough to give you an idea:

"Who knows the lilt of dark insenate things
That shimmer through the sunken sea of strife?
When comes the chamfered call of fantors in
The hearkened pulse of crass, inquinate lull
Of those that were and are and yet are not.
And where yawns the grave protuberant athwart
The gay abyss where vim the epic searchers stifle?
Come then the reeking croon of tiers
On tiers and threshing yelps of woe that laughs
But knows no more!"

Those who have had a few semes-

ters in German will recognize the same type of literary expression in the following poem which was sent to the editor of a German American weekly by a "in Wehmut aphrodisische Weiheklaenge losharfender" poet:

Atemloser Pesthauch lehnt am Giebel:
Merikanisch ekler Galle voll,
Blaettert er in schnoeder Kinderfibel
Aphrodisisch, aber musentoll.

Naht ihr, schwarze Augustiner Friesen,
Zynisch drueckend, voller Expansion?
Ihr zylindrisch orthodoxe Riesen?
Ja, kaukasisch laechelt Euch der Lohn!

Ruft's nur keck von fahlen Capitaelen:
Punisch war der Mystik heitres Lied!
Revoltiert in koischen Kanaelen:
Ewig bleibt, was mit der Lerche flieht!

Much more in the same strain.

Made in Germany

The perverted sexualism which has blossomed forth in these bizarre novels and poems found early expression in Germany. More than twenty years ago Marie Madeleine, a woman of great genius, says that even in her first volume, written at sixteen, there were elements which might be called "the lyric emanations of puberty." After the vogue which her work attained and the greediness with which young Germany devoured its morbid elements, a horde of imitators sprang up like mushrooms. German fiction became a literary madhouse. The pinnacle was reached by Else Lasker-Schueler, who chose to cast her autobiography into a symbolic fish story, or rather the story of a fish:

"Surrendered my human form in fire-perilous hour for the scaly, cooly form of a tench, and floated on in dill. But was enamored of several carps, especially one in changeant-blue, who, however, trod on my love with fins. Yes. Then I began to poetize—wave—storm—flood, roaring songs. And as several she-pikes went under, I was cast up from the depths of the water upon the surface, where I was caught in a net."

While these women still steered clear of sheer vulgarity, Franz Wedekind and Erich Muehsam delighted and wallowed in it. The former relates in "Briggitte B," without verbal music or any attempt at artistic effect, but a cynical leer and dialectic affectation, the corruption of a young servant-girl. The poem is supposedly humorous! Muehsam describes how a young mother kills her illegitimate child by throwing it into a place not usually thought a fit subject for poetry, and then commits suicide.

Anything like a detailed story of the Dekadenz in all its phases is out of the question for the purpose of this magazine. We would have to include in our study the modernistic drama, which unites music gone haywire in the manner of Sibelius and Stravinsky (in their darker moods) with poetry of the Dadaist type. One of these monstrous productions, by Schoenberg, was actually staged at Philadelphia in 1931, with Leopold Stokowski conducting the orchestra. Our impression of it was unrelieved by a single reaction such as music calls forth even in its less meaningful

forms. The text was blasphemous and immoral and at the same time utterly devoid of any coherence and of rational plot.

We should have to include in our survey much of modern sculpture, productions that resemble the crude forms into which children will knead their mud pies, but which in the exhibit rooms draw crowds of visitors who are expected to read deep meanings, and even harmonies undreamt of by earlier artists, into these monstrosities of countenance and form.

One formula suffices for the interpretation of this decadent art. Intoxicated with its success in serving the baser appetites of our race by means of music, literature, and painted or moulded form, the new phase of modern literature and art has passed into a stage closely approaching delirium tremens in which, every control of reason thrown to the winds, it now makes the cruelest kind of sport of those who once worshipped with such utter devotion at its shrine.

★ ★ ★

The Cool and Candid Guest

Housewives who sometimes find themselves at a loss on chilly days to know whether it is really cold enough to light fires in their living-rooms may hope to be spared such a chilly and critical visitor as the second Duke of Wellington once proved himself when he called to take lunch one October day with Lady Dorothy Nevill. No sooner did he enter the room, records Lady Dorothy, then he glanced at the fire, not a very bright one, and said to the footman, "Bring me my overcoat." He wore the coat during the whole of his visit, declaring, "I'll shame you into having good fires."

He afterwards sent her the lines:

The tripod and the Muffinette
In days of bygone sires,
In shining brass, a goodly set,
Surrounded by blazing fires.
At Lady D—'s 'tis not the same,
But there is cause why not—
Upon her hearth there's ne'er a flame
To keep her muffins hot.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

The PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Ecce Deus

IT IS the essence of our vaunted modernity that man is concerned only with man. . . . From the selfish materialist who sees life and time in terms of his own wellbeing to the honest social reformer who feels the tragedy of man's inhumanity to man most deeply, men today live and move and have their being on the horizontal levels of life. . . . One turns inward, another turns outward, but few turn upward. . . . The center of man's life has become man itself. . . . We call the religious elements in Communism and Fascism to witness. . . . As a consequence, all areas of modern life teem with the unresolved contradictions inherent in man himself and in the paradoxes of relative truth. . . . All the articulate and inarticulate impulses, tendencies, desires, and regrets that make our age what it is are confused and confusing because man's preoccupation with man has given us no principle which will fuse our poor scattered energies into a rich living unity. . . . It is no wonder that the modern world is conscious of disintegration and decay. . . . Men are concerned over the flickering lights in the antechambers of truth—and candles have a tragic way of going out. . . .

Once more there is immediate and desperate need for the truth spoken long ago: "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." . . . That is not only a philosophy of martyrdom; it is a principle of living. . . . As soon as life beholds God, revealed in the wisdom of the Word and the folly of the Cross, the great unifying principle which modern man seeks so blindly and hopelessly appears. . . . When man follows man, the end must be bitter; when man follows God, beginning and end are glad. . . . Without God, man must remain yoked to the feverish jerks of a diseased will; with God, the redeemed soul can walk beyond the stride of human courage and the range of hope in the white surrender to Him Who is the staff of its strength and the earnest of its peace. . . .

Nineteen hundred years ago a man of hate met the Man of Sorrows on the road to Damascus. . . . The cata-

clysmic change from the zealous persecutor, confident of his own power, to the man groping his painful way in momentary blindness to the house of Judas in the street that is called Straight—this is what happens when God appears to men. . . . The blind and beaten Paul saw more clearly and was more certain of final victory than the seeing and conquering Saul. . . . He saw Christ—and life was unified in Him. . . . Now, after nineteen centuries, with the free course of His Word throughout the world, He stands on every road and the splendor of that meeting on the Damascus road can come again. . . . Whenever it does, we know that the most radiant other-worldly vision of God in Christ alone can give unity and depth and perspective to our vision of the needs of men. . . .

In Perspective

AT THE change of the year it is customary for reviewers of books to turn back momentarily for a survey of the literary productions of the twelve-month now ended. . . . The results of their observations are published in lists of the "ten best books." . . . We would be hard put to prepare such a list even though the adjective "best" in this case means less than the adjective "good." . . . Perhaps another type of listing would be more valuable. . . . With all our innate suspicion of superlatives and in the full realization that we are calling down the winds of controversy—here goes. . . . The books of 1937 in perspective:

Best: *The Flowering of New England*—Van Wyck Brooks (E. P. Dutton)

Most Beautiful: *Birds of America*—Audubon (Macmillan)

Funniest: *The Education of Hyman Kaplan*—Leonard Q. Ross (Harcourt-Brace)

Most Detestable: *How to Win Friends and Influence People* Dale Carnegie (Simon and Schuster)

Most Moving: *Mme. Curie*—Eve Curie (Doubleday Doran)

Worst: *To Have and Have Not*—Ernest Hemingway (Scribner's) Runner-up: *And So—Victoria*—Vaughan Wilkins (Macmillan)

Most Amazing: *The Folklore of Capitalism*—Thurman W. Arnold (Yale)

Most Disappointing: *Conversation at Midnight*—Edna St. Vincent Millay (Harpers)

Most Enjoyable: *The Works of Thoreau*—Edited by Henry S. Canby (Houghton-Mifflin)

Best Story: *Northwest Passage*—Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday Doran)

Best Short Stories: *Thirteen O'clock*—Stephen Vincent Benet (Farrar & Rinehart)

Most Significant: *Middletown in Transition*—Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd (Harcourt, Brace)

Best Poetry: *Collected Poems*—Sarah Teasdale (Macmillan)
Best Bluff: *The Arts*—Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Simon and Schuster)
Most Practical: *America's Cook Book* (Scribner's)
Best and most Neglected: *The Holy Bible*

With the exception of the last item the objective value of such a list is precisely zero. . . . Sometimes we wonder if the value of all literary and dramatic criticism (below the application of moral standards) does not depend far more thoroughly than we realize on individual and subjective taste. . . . If you agree with the critic, that may mean only that you are the same sort of person he is. . . . A recent issue of the *Theatre Guild Bulletin* makes this bewilderingly clear. . . . The Theatre Guild collated the opinions of critics on the dramatization of *Madame Bovary*—and the result was confusion worse confounded. . . . Witness:

She Dies Quickly

"She dies with graceful quickness. Flaubert's Emma died slowly and dreadfully." — Richard Lockridge, *N.Y. Sun*

She Dies Slowly

"Her death is difficult and needs a remedy. It is entirely too long."—Karl Krug, *Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph*

The Costumes Are Right

"Mr. Simonson's costumes and settings capture the true flavor of the book."—John Mason Brown, *N. Y. Post*

The Costumes Are Wrong

"The costumes and stage settings depart from the spirit of Flaubert. They are flossy Theatre Guild stuff."—Charles Collins, *Chicago Tribune*

The Role Has Scope

"She manouevered a gamut seldom vouchsafed a star."—Florence Fisher Parry, *Pittsburgh Press*

Oh, No, It Hasn't!

"The role gives her little to work with."—Burns Mantle, *N.Y. News*

The Play Is Sentimental

". . . it makes a sweetly sad play, sentimental to its pretty fingertips."—Richard Lockridge, *N. Y. Sun*

On The Contrary

"All the sentimental whim-wham is absent from 'Madame Bovary'."—Mabelle Jennings, *Washington Herald*

The answer? . . . There is none beyond the obvious fact that there is such a thing as good criticism and that its goodness is immediately evident to the observant mind. . . . Like so many other things in literature and life it can be recognized although it is not always possible to define it. . . .

Staff's End

UNDOUBTEDLY everyone knows someone who is forever at magnificent war with English words and locutions. . . . From the linguistic point of view the melting pot has not yet completed its work, and most families whose roots do not go down into American tradition be-

yond three generations will include a genius who bends and breaks the language of Shakespeare and Lincoln to his own sweet will. . . . When such characters are embalmed between the covers of a book, they are greeted with delight. . . . That explains the phenomenal success of Hyman Kaplan. . . . Now comes Mr. Alva Johnston with a brief biography of the most notorious living assassin of the English language in America—Samuel Goldwyn of Hollywood. . . . He has already become a legend. . . . Apparently language is only a barrier between him and an idea—to be hurdled as unceremoniously and speedily as possible. . . . Samples: "They (the directors) are always biting the hand that lays the golden egg." . . . "If I done that, I would be sticking my head into a moose." . . . "You're always taking the bull between the teeth." . . . "Get some Indians from the reservoir." . . . "He is laid up with intentional flu." . . . Mr. Johnston imagines Goldwyn's remarks to Shakespeare concerning "Titus Andronicus": "Wagspeare, it's lousy. It's terrible. It's ghastly. You're ruining me, Wagstaff." . . . And this is the man who produced "Stella Dallas" and "Arrowsmith." . . .

A note for those who work with the mind and heart of man from the speech of Pericles recorded by Thucydides: "To great men all the earth is a sepulcher; and their virtues shall be testified not only by the inscription on stone at home, but in all lands wheresoever in the unwritten record of the mind, which far beyond any monument will remain with all men everlastingly."

It is no news that a section of American letters has succumbed to the bleak ideology of Moscow. . . . With firetipped tongues and bated breath they tell us that, as prophets of the new era, they must liberate literature from its bourgeois thralldom. . . . We like the way in which Sinclair Lewis cleans them up in *News-Week:* "A surprising number of new talents plod up the same dreary Communist lane, and produce, all of them, the following novel: There is a perfectly nasty community—mining or pants-making or sharecropping—but in it one Sir Galahad who, after a snifter of Karl Marx, rushes out, gathers the local toilers into an organization of rather vague purposes, and after that everything will be lovely, nobody will have hay fever again, nor the deacon ever wink at the widow." . . . Well spoken. . . . There is room, much room, for social passion in the novel, but the stuff ground out by our proletarian novelists (with a few honorable exceptions) is neither social nor passionate. . . . It is drivel. . . .

News item . . . At a wrestling bout in Camden, New Jersey, two brawny wrestlers were letting out unearthly yells each time they hit the mat. . . . The bout was stopped for an investigation and a youth was found in the gallery with a large rubber band and his mouth full of tacks. . . . Things of this sort are very discouraging to wrestlers.

An observer of international relations sets down a few notes on the mysterious doings in Germany.

A PREFACE to NAZIISM

By J. FREDERIC WENCHEL

Of all the people on the earth Germans can intoxicate themselves with ideas."—George Sand.

THE observation of George Sand that the Germans can intoxicate themselves with ideas above all other people accounts for the fact that the Nazis seriously hold and energetically endeavor to impose their ideology (Lebens- und Weltanschauung) of blood and soil (Blut und Boden), which is neither scientific nor historic nor even common sense, on a people as educated and intelligent as the German people. "Actors and contemporaries of a revolution," Madame de Staël once wrote, "frequently lose all interest in the search for truth." Only that truth is truth which supports their ideas. Whatever conflicts with them is false and may be rightly set aside and properly ignored. They strive to transform their environment according to those ideas. While in Europe two years ago we had frequent opportunity to scan an internationally known Hamburg newspaper. One received the impression that America was dominated by the Jews and that the communists would soon be in control. Every strike was due to communist agitation. To prevent that catastrophe a certain type of German in this country would organize German Bunds. One evening a small group of guests sat together in the German embassy. Dr. Luther tried to impress us with the fact that Hitler was not a dictator because he had been elected by an overwhelming popular vote. We have a high regard for Dr. Luther and like him very much. He is not a member of the Nazi party; neither is the present ambassador, Dr. Dieckoff. They are, however, Nazi enthusiasts. They could not be anything else and represent the present government. It seemed never to have entered the ambassador's mind that people have elected dictators by their vote nor was he cognizant of the fact that those elected to high office often have later become dictators. A dictator must be judged by his actions when he is in control.

Hitler and his Nazis have brought about a great material improvement. They have given Germany a new hopeful spirit, they have produced a new economic life, they have done much especially for the worker. They are rebuilding Germany. Mrs. Virginia Jenckes, who represents the sixth Indiana district in Congress, attended the Interparliamentary Union for Peace at The Hague this summer. In an interview with the press she said, "Everywhere in Germany I was impressed with the extensive building programs that are under way. At every railroad station lumber was piled high ready for shipment to the scene of construction. As in England they are launched on a tremendous building program of working men's houses. I saw no signs of poverty anywhere." Despite this, financially Germany is in very bad shape. She has no money. Foreign trade must be carried on by exchange or barter.

Nazi Philosophy

In this survey, however, we are not concerned with the outward rehabilitation of Germany and the improvement in its material condition. More important than this, although realized by few of those who visit Germany, is the transformation of the whole inner life, the thought, the views, the spirit, the aims of the people through the inculcation and imposition of the Nazi ideology. No stone is left unturned to accomplish this. Most people look upon the Nazis as a political party which saved Germany from communism and is temporarily in control. Hitler vehemently repudiates that opinion. Naziism is a holy creed, the eternal order of the universe. Ten years before he became Chancellor he wrote in his book, *Mein Kampf*, "It was always clear that the new movement could not hope to attain the strength required for the great struggle unless it succeeded from the beginning in implanting in the hearts of its adherents the irrepressible conviction that it was not merely supplying a political party with a slogan to win an election." To understand what is going on in Germany you must have some acquaintance with Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and Rosenberg's *Der Mythus Des Zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts*. In reading these two books it is important to recognize that the Nazis have given to some words an entirely new meaning and content, as, for instance, "folk" and "myth." Most helpful in understanding these changes in meaning is a paper by Dr. George W. Richards on Rosenberg's *Mythus*, published in a recent Bulletin of the Harvard Divinity School.

Fundamental in Nazi life and world philosophy is this peculiar idea of folk, which is the product of a mystical synthesis of the creative urge of race, blood and soil. Each folk has its own soul (Mythus) with its distinctive religion, culture, philosophy, art, morals, etc. Each folk must be true to itself. The sin against the Holy Ghost is the mixture of

blood, crossbreeding, negroizing, or bastardizing of the races. According to Hitler the decline of India was due to the racial cross-breeding and not, as is usually held, to its Buddhistic religion and sexual excesses. So also the collapse of Germany in the World War was not due, as we always thought, to the larger armies and the more effective weapons of the allies, but to the deterioration of the German soul through mixture of races and blood. As one may expect, everywhere the superiority of Teutonism is taken for granted.

Paganism Reborn

The folk is the supreme consideration. All spheres of life under Nazism have one goal, the honor, the freedom, the growth of the folk for which every person in the nation must live, strive, fight, and if need be die. In 1934 Hitler stated in his book, "I have begun a struggle and set forth a program in which the individual—his class, his origin, his birth, his place in life, his wealth—has little significance. These things are transitory and of minor value when compared with the continuous existence of the folk." Biblical Christianity is anathema because of its international universality. The Nazis are using every means at their command to foster the late General Ludendorff's Germanic "Christianity" and to foist it on the people. During the Christmas season of 1937 the *New York Times* reported:

> To the ancient pagans, who reckoned their time by phases of the moon and cycles of the sun, the Winter solstice was a time of major celebration. It marked the time when night had reached its maximum and the solar year was at the change.
>
> Last Tuesday marked this year's Winter solstice, and on a hundred hills in Nazi Germany, where the pagan rites have been renewed, a hundred sacred fires blazed in the night. Around them gathered converts to the religion of "blood and soil," bearing torches. A stentorian voice called, "Comrades, bearers of the torches, be of good German faith," and in answer they chanted, "Our souls are pure fire, fit only for the noblest use."
>
> A modernized litany, revived from the legends of Thor and Wotan, was intoned and a speaker extolled the virtues of the Teuton blood and excoriated those who had "stolen" the pagan festival and "perverted" it into the Christian Christmas. This firelight ceremony, the speaker declared, was the true festival of brave Teuton men, who remember their illustrious past and pledge themselves to an even more illustrious future. The torches were flung into the fire, and cheers for the Fuehrer and for Nazi Germany rose in the smoky starlight.

Reichbishop Mueller's revised version of the Sermon on the Mount may delight the heart of the Nazi, but to intelligent Christians it is a tragedy. Recently the government by edict disbanded the rotary clubs of Germany; a few years before this they had dissolved the Masonic lodges. At the great boy scout jamboree in Washington in June the absence of representation from the three fascistic nations, Germany, Italy, and Japan was significant. Naziism's only international alliances are with Italy and Japan, presumably to combat com-

munism. This is the Nazi holy war. Germany's alliance with Japan has not made it any friends here in Washington.

The official name of the Nazi is the National Socialist Worker's Party. Its economic philosophy is a form of state capitalism. It is socialistic to the extent that efforts are made to do away with differences in class, creed or wealth, to the establishment of a racial brotherhood, each for all and all for each. While the people are permitted to hold possession of their farms and industries and other properties they must be operated for the benefit of the state. The farmer is told what and how much to plant. If he does not obey, someone else is put in charge. Some parts of Germany are more socialized than others. The Nazis are not equally powerful everywhere. In Hanover, for instance, all in-coming and out-going foreign mail is opened, as two Washington young men experienced last summer.

The Fuehrer

The Fuehrer in Nazidom holds a most unique position. He has unlimited authority as the one in whom the dynamic purpose of the folk becomes visible, vocal and active. Through him it advances in civilization and culture to its mystical creative power (Urwille). He plans its action, works out programs for the home, state, school, community, church, and market place through the state. Freedom consists only in the joyful going along with the Fuehrer, "in dem freudigen Mitgehen mit dem Fuehrer." Hitler is very sarcastic about democracies, in which citizens are free to act according to their own ideas. He looks with scorn upon the rule of the masses and majorities. He wrote *Mein Kampf*, "Not the masses discover nor does the majority organize or think." And again, "It (the majority) is always the advocate not only of stupid, but cowardly policies; just as a hundred fools do not make a wise man, an heroic decision is not likely to come from a hundred cowards. A majority can never be a substitute for a Man." There is no enthusiasm in Germany any more for a democracy. Due to the harsh treatment by the allies and the severe terms of the Versailles treaty the German people suffered the greatest privations, most poignant mental anguish and bitterest humiliation during the Weimar Republic. In comparison Germany of the third Reich is a paradise. Let us not waste any great sympathy. The Germans have always been accustomed to regimentation.

Mrs. Jenckes was rather unfavorably impressed with the reticence of the German delegates at the Interparliamentary convention. "You couldn't get near the German delegation," she told the reporter, "they would not discuss with one informally as representatives of other nations did." To what extent the Nazis are making over the inner life of the German people according to their ideology no one can say. That Rosenberg's *Mythus* is being

widely read and studied is shown by the fact that more than 70 editions have been published. The Nazis have captured the imagination of the youth by their social program and their nationalistic aims. The whole youth of the nation is under the leadership of Baldur von Sirach, a dynamic personality and an enthusiastic Nazi.

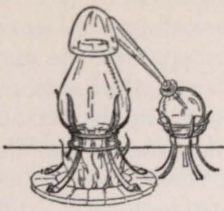
"The youth belongs to the Fuehrer" is not a mere slogan but the energetic working principle of the Nazi. We like to think that many Germans, who are enthusiastic over the material accomplishments, social aims, and political aspirations of the Nazis have no use for their *Lebens- und Weltanschauung,* their ideology of blood and soil. It is neither Christian nor common sense.

★ ★ ★

English as She Is Spoken

When the English tongue we speak,
Why is "break" not rimed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few"?
And the maker of a verse
Cannot rime his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rimed with "foe."
Think of "hose" or "nose," then "dose"
and "lose";
And think of "goose" and yet of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb,"
"Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rimed with "say"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
Think of "blood" and "food" and "good";
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"—
Is there any reason known?
To sum up all, it seems to me
Sounds and letters don't agree.

Religious Telescope



THE ALEMBIC

By THEODORE GRAEBNER

"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life."

HOLLAND, *Gold-Foil*

The most famous man whom the ancient world produced was not Julius Caesar, though more books have been written about him than about any other ruler except Napoleon. Nor was it Aristotle, although he ruled human thought for 2000 years and even in a modern *Introduction to Philosophy* (Patrick) is referred to thirty-nine times. The most famous man of ancient times was a little politician who was sent by Emperor Tiberius to administer Roman law in Judea, a small part of Palestine, which was a second rate province of the Roman Empire.

Pontius Pilate is alluded to but a single time by one Roman historian, Tacitus, in his *Annals*. But he had the unfortunate experience of being called upon to make a judicial decision in the case of a certain Rabbi from Galilee whom the Jews brought before him accused of sedition and whose death was demanded by a mob. He is mentioned, as a result, by five writers, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Paul, whose books are today, after 1900 years, the most widely read products of the human pen, translated into more than a thousand languages.

And he is mentioned in the Apostles Creed,—"Suffered under Pontius Pilate." As a result he is known today to a greater number of people on the six continents and the seven seas than any person who ever lived—except One.

That One was the teacher from Galilee who stood before him and in reply to a direct question had answered "I am a King."

What a picture of materialistic power Pilate presented! Over his shoulders Rome had draped her purple. Through his eyes the Caesar looked out on Palestine. He incarnated for the vassaled province the resources, the purposes, and the force of the greatest pagan empire the world has known—the apotheosis of matter. And the Teacher, alone, deserted by his intimates, betrayed by a trusted friend, repudiated by his countrymen—what a contrast! A mere epi-

sode in one of the religious conflicts of Judaism seemed about to be brought to merited conclusion. No wonder Anatole France pictured the aged Pilate as failing to remember the name of the Jewish Rabbi he had crucified.

In his *Today's Jesus,* the late C. Wallace Petty pointed out the profound contrast of the two persons in this trial. There is Jesus, already condemned by the ecclesiastics as a blasphemer, now charged with insurrection and awaiting the verdict of doom.

"But in such a dilemma it is the governor, not the Galilean, who is confused. The panic is on the seat of judgment, not in the dock. The testimony runs in on a tide of lies. The animus and hatred in it are so crude and obvious as to startle even a Roman. There is no rebuttal. Facing the accusations with head up, serene in the face of the attack, calm as if walking the fields of Galilee among the lilies that he loved, the prisoner is silent. It is not the silence of insolence. The calm is not bravado. The courage has no suspicion of swagger. It is no flight from reality here; no wishful thinking building a stairway of illusion that would bridge disaster; no defense mechanism of superiority covering a haunting sense of dread."

It is the calm assurance of one who knew himself utterly guiltless, ready to perform his mission of Redemption. "He answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly."

In his *Philosophy of the Christian Religion,* principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Oxford, permits himself to imagine that in the very moment when Pilate boasted his power to crucify or to release, a lucid vision had come to him, and that he had beheld the centuries before him unroll their wondrous secret. The passage is well worth quoting.

"In less than eighty years he sees in every city of the Roman world societies of men and women meeting in the name of Jesus and singing praises to Him as to God; while so powerful has His Name grown in some provinces that the very temples are deserted. Then he sees Rome, astonished and angry at the might of the Name, turning persecutor, and making the profession of the Name a crime punishable with death.

"But all the resources of the Empire are powerless against the Name; the legions that had carried the Roman Eagles into the inaccessible regions lying round the civilized world, forcing the tide of barbarism back before them, here availed nothing. And he beholds in less than three hundred years the symbol of the Cross on which he was about to crucify this Jesus, float victoriously from the capitol; while the Emperor [Constantine] sits, not amid patricians in the Roman Senate, but in a council of Christian pastors, all without pride of birth, all without names the Senate would have honored, many maimed, some even eyeless, disfigured by the tortures Rome had inflicted in her vain attempt to extinguish the infamous thing. In another hundred years he sees the very empire herself fallen.

"And if Pilate had waked from his dream as suddenly as he had fallen into it, and looked at Jesus sitting before him mocked and buffeted, helpless in the face of the howling mob, deserted of man, manifestly forsaken of His God, what could he have said but this?—'What foolish things dreams are! Their world is a sort of topsy-turvydom of reality; for were this vision of mine true, then the invisible kingdom of this Man would be the only real empire, and my claim of power

either to crucify or to release Him a vain and empty boast! Happily the cross will soon restore us all to sanity, and show the vanity of the dream.' "

Yes, so much and no more Caiaphas and Pilate saw in Jesus; and as they saw they judged; and as they saw and judged, so did all men of cultivated intelligence in their time and place. Yet today both are only remembered for the miserable part they played in the trial of Jesus of Nazareth, that trial and death by which the Redemption of mankind was to be accomplished.

There he now stands in the Apostles' Creed, the man who failed in the great crisis but who is mentioned by millions every day as proof incontestable and providential that the story of our salvation is not the dream of some oriental fanatics but is anchored in the rock of history.

"The Wise Men of Science Come to the Manger." Neither the author, Dorothy Giles, nor the magazine in which the article bearing this title occurred, Hearst's *Cosmopolitan,* were very intriguing. The author's name I have never read before, and the *Cosmopolitan* has been to me nonexistent since the article by Rupert Hughes "Why I Quit Going to Church," a display of savage hatred, appeared in its issue of August, 1924. It was with some slight hope that the editor was making certain late amends for this snide attack on Christian faith, that I bought a copy at the newsstand. What I got for my quarter was evidence that we need THE CRESSET.

If the church is to make defense of its position—if it is to interpret human art and thought in the light of Christianity—it must do the job itself and not depend upon the editor of *Harper's Magazine* who gives the floor, of all men, to an atheist, Prof. Leuba, to discuss "Religious Beliefs of American Scientists" (August 1934), nor upon Mr. Hearst, who entrusts the same task to a literary nonentity. It will suffice to say that as a spokesman for religion, Miss Giles adduces Harry Emerson Fosdick —who denies every article of Christianity—then cites Christian Science, the Oxford movement, New Thought, Unity, Truth, Divine Science, Religious Physiology, one Emmet Fox, and again Dr. Fosdick, who is quoted as carrying a list of sixty psychiatrists to whom he refers those who come to him for advice in their troubles. Among the scientists who have "come to the manger" are mentioned Jung, the psychologist, Dr. Einstein, Prof. Whitehead of Harvard, and the physician, Dr. Carrel.

The heading completely belies the contents of this article. One had a right to expect at least some tribute to the Child in the Manger. Yet Jesus is not referred to once in the words here attributed to various scientists. Not one expression, when so many would have been available, to prove at least that modern scientific research can no longer do without the idea of

a God, of a Supreme Being possessing infinite Power and Wisdom.

I call it most unfortunate that so fascinating a subject as the approachment between Science and the belief in a personal God, should have received treatment in a magazine of wide circulation at the hands of one who knows very little about Science and practically nothing about Christianity.

Our faith, indeed, does not depend upon the successful demonstration that nature, to one who has an eye undimmed by prejudice and atheistic propaganda, reveals the existence of a God. There is no spiritual value in the observation that working for an M.A. makes atheists and preparing for a Ph.D. restores belief in God. All such belief, if it stops there, has no value in the matter of personal salvation. But the Christian Church has the duty not only to testify against godless speculation but to assure its own students of science that scholarship does not prevent us from worshipping the Child in the Manger. And that duty cannot be assigned to the editor of a secular magazine or to anyone else but to the Christian scholar.

It looks like war between this department and our Musical Section. Trouble really began in the first issue of THE CRESSET. Under Dadaism I classified as a Pathological Episode in Music not only "The more extreme forms of jazz"—I would have been forgiven that—but certain "cacophonous and utterly formless contributions to the orchestral scores by modern composers." In the same issue our musical critic refers with high appreciation to the identical composition which only recently after inflicting twenty minutes of agony had caused me to shut off the radio and take a walk, Sibelius' Fourth Symphony. It is surprising that the lynx-eyed critics of Volume One, Number One did not point out this clash of opinion. In Number Two, Friend Hansen uses the complimentary phrase "Deathless little classic" as applicable to Schumann's "Traeumerei" —a composition which rouses every evil impulse in my nature—and then betrays a weakness for a number of ultra-moderns which are being interpreted by Barbirolli this season. A glance, a shuddering one, at the proof sheets of "Music and Music Makers" for the January issue, and we know all. *Et tu, Brute!*

I am sure the reader was pleased to note the freedom of expression sponsored by the CRESSET staff when the now famous "Black 1937 vs. Black 1927" editorial went in (right smack on page three of the very first issue). You had our Declaration of Independence there so far as any editor's or contributor's expression of opinion is concerned—outside the religious field. But you must admit that open hostilities in the staff on so cultural a subject as Modern Music is more than you expected to get for your subscription.

To speak quite candidly, however,

I share with a good many others certain dreadful misgivings about our opposition to the offerings of modernistic composers. I have read somewhere that Mozart, to us the very ideal of classicism, was in his day regarded a revolutionary. When he gave his first concert as a boy of ten or twelve in Vienna, some of the musical padishahs of the day, after the recital, furtively peered into the notes in young Wolfgang's manuscript and said in amazement: "The wrong notes are all on the paper!"

Beethoven had a dreadful time with the critics, as everybody knows; and when Wagner gave the premiere of some of his operas in Paris, the audience rose *en masse,* and all but mobbed composer and performers.

I referred to some of these things while in conversation recently with a very successful professional musician and he said: "Exactly! That's what makes us feel leery about calling Hindemith and Schoenberg insane."

One need have less misgivings about cubism, futurism, surrealism and other dadaistic forms of decadent pictorial art and literature. I feel rather safe about saying that, after all, the world will be slow to give up Emerson's *Compensation* in favor of Gertrude Stein's essays, or to prefer an Alaskan Totem pole to the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

★ ★ ★

2783 Years Ago

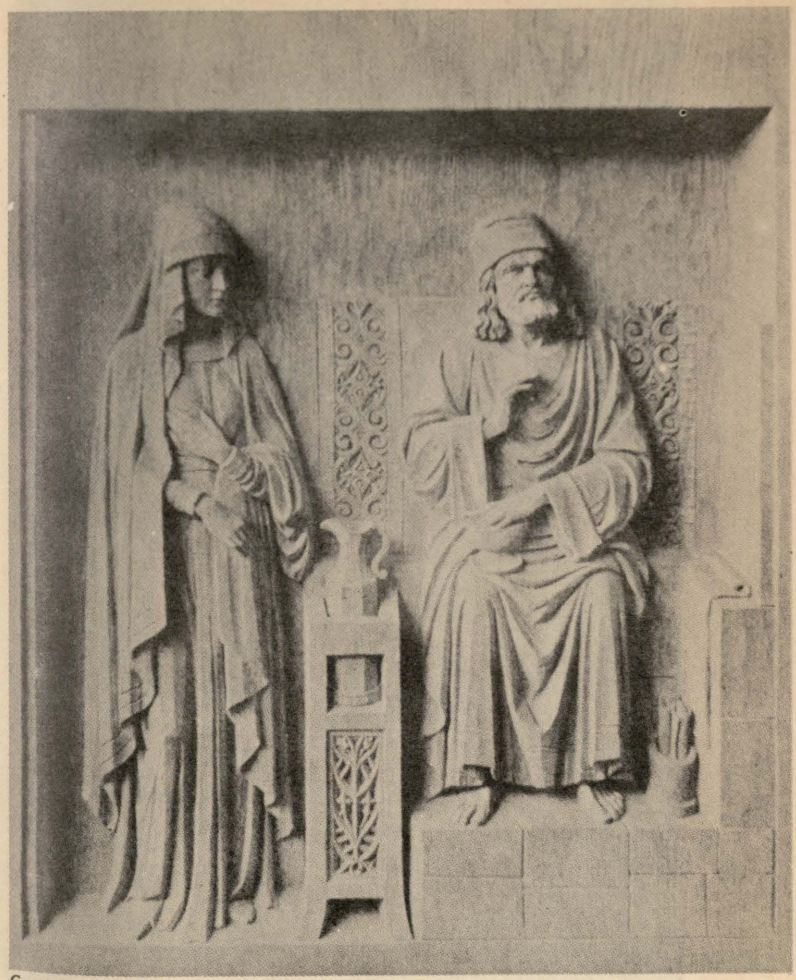
"An emperor knows how to govern when poets are free to make verses, people to act plays, historians to tell the truth, ministers to give advice, the poor to grumble at taxes, students to learn lessons aloud, workmen to praise their skill and seek work, people to speak of anything, and old men to find fault with everything." From an address of the Duke of Shao to King Li-Wang, circa 845 B.C., in the *Book of Rites,* translated by Upton Close.

L'art Religieux Moderne, Copyright by B. Arthaud, 1936.

France has made great strides in the development of architecture in the new manner. The picture shows the Church of Saint Joan of Arc at Nice, France. The lines may be startling at first, but one must confess that they are also attractive and purposeful.

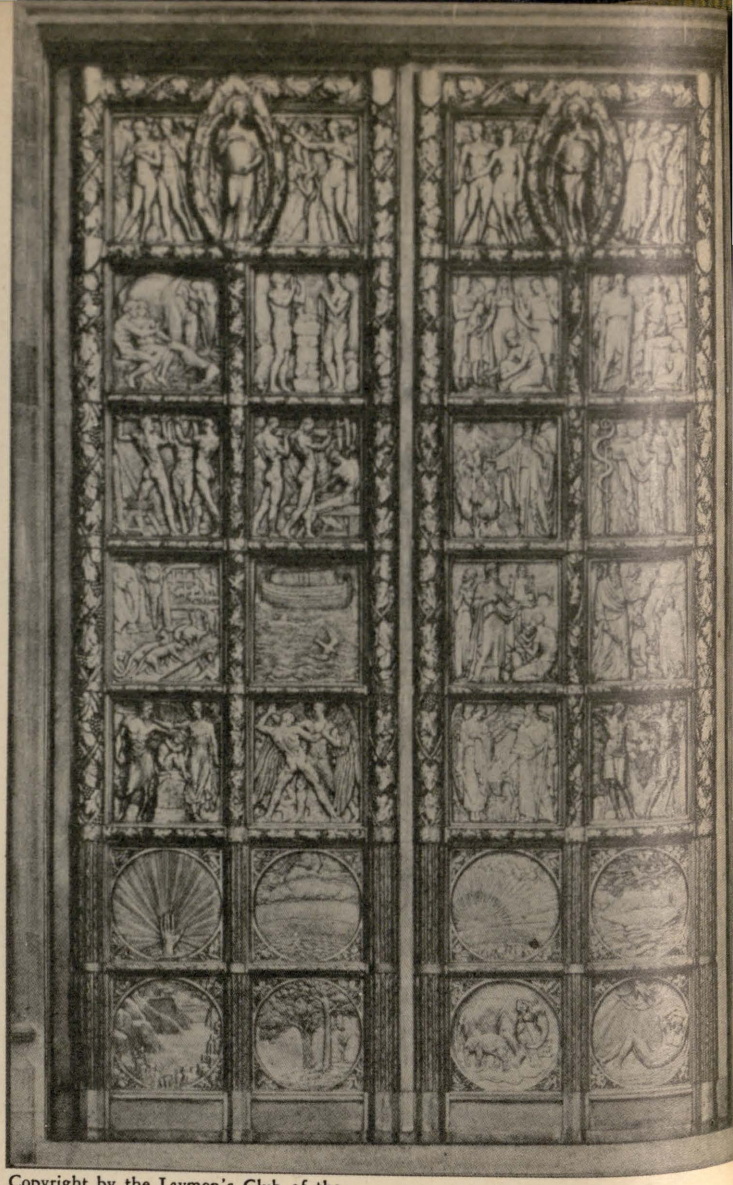
Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walter's Art Gallery, Baltimore.

The Walter's Art Gallery of Baltimore is the fortunate possessor of four Lecterns in the form of the symbolic figures ascribed to the Evangelists. They are evidently of Flemish origin in the late XIV century. The book-rests are approximately fifteen inches high. This lectern, in the form of an ox, is the symbol of Saint Luke, the Evangelist.

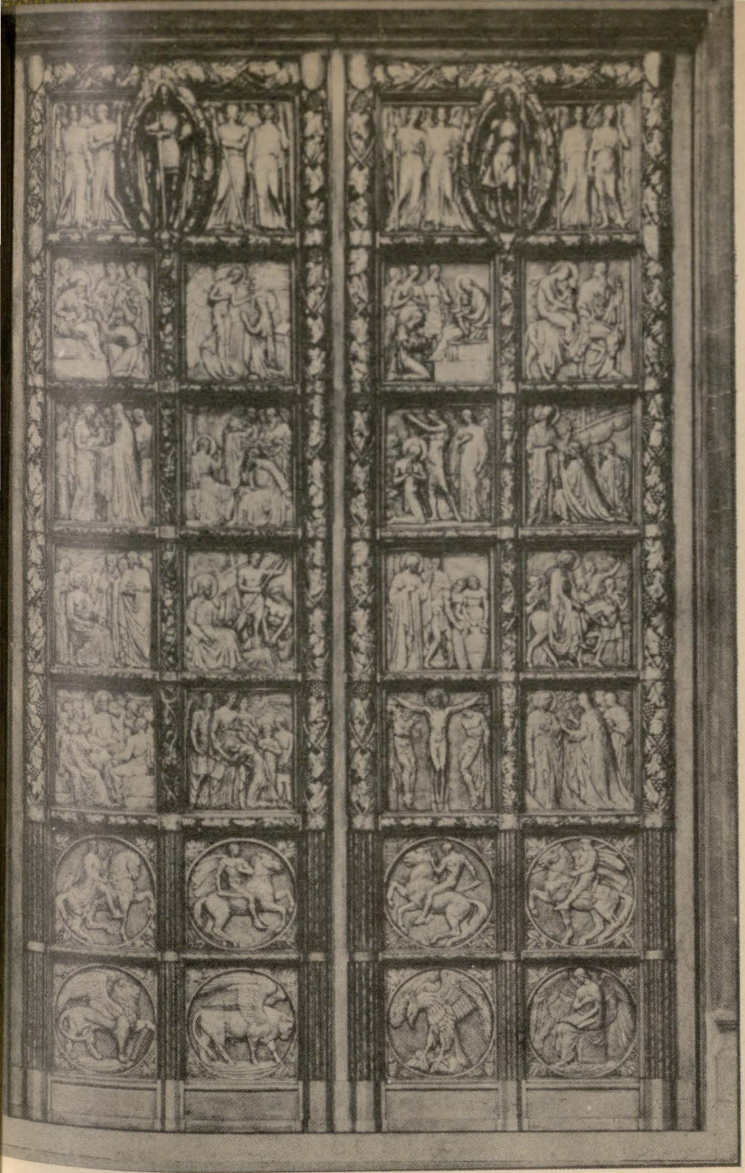


Courtesy of the University of Chicago Press.

As one leaves the Chapel of the University of Chicago—the Rockefeller gift—one notices four beautifully carved panels, executed by Alois Lange, symbolic of the fact that faith must be active and watchful. They represent, "The Lost Sheep," "The Sowing of the Tares," "The Barren Fig Tree," and, the one pictured above, "The Unjust Judge." The story is found in Saint Luke 18:1-8.



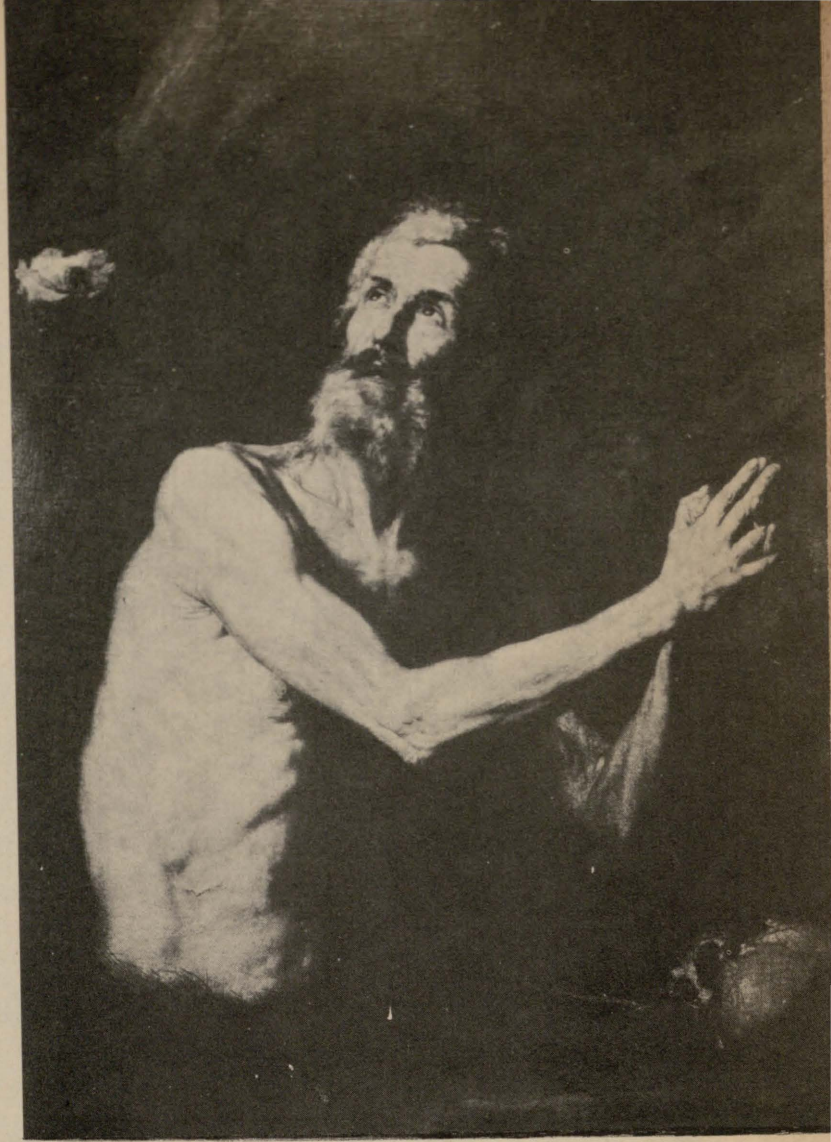
Four of the five portals on the west front of Saint John the Divine have doors of teakwood reinforced by ornamental iron work. The center portal is covered by the famous Golden Doors. They were established as a memorial to Mr. Haley Fiske by the Field Force of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. One set of the doors carries Old Testament panels, the other, New Testament panels.



In the history of Church Art there are many famous bronze doors, but very few of them could compare with the doors of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine. Each of the four doors is eighteen and one-half feet high and weighs six thousand pounds. The twenty eight subjects in each set are reminiscent of the North and South doors of the Baptistry of Florence, done by Ghiberti (1403-24), and Andrea Pisano (1336).

L'art Religieux Moderne, Copyright by B. Arthaud, 1936.

North Europe has contributed much in the modern manner to architecture, sculpture and painting. In this picture, "Christ Walking on the Waves" by Hans Odegaard, we find the powerful simplicity giving new values to some of the features of the old story. An examination of the work of some of the modern artists in the religious field shows an astounding amount of understanding for the lessons contained in the stories they depict.



Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walter's
Art Gallery, Baltimore.

The naturalism of Caravaggio with its heated contrasts of light and shade was adopted by Ribera (1589-1652) in whose hands it brings a peculiar intensity to the religious sentiment of the Baroque. This picture of "Saint Jerome in Penitence" lays emphasis on sensation and emotion so expressive of the Spanish temperament.

Courtesy of the University of Chicago Press.

When we speak of university chapels in America the great Chapel of the University of Chicago stands out as one of the best and finest examples. It was designed by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. The Chapel is two hundred and sixty-five feet long and ninety-five feet, six inches high. The heating plants of the Chapel would be sufficient for four hundred and fifty eight-room houses. The foundations reach down seventy feet below the basement floor.

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

The World of Music Mourns the Loss of One of Its Important Figures.

A composer of extraordinary skill was claimed by death a few days before the year 1937 passed on into history. Maurice Ravel, the gifted Frenchman, was a figure of far-reaching importance. Some of his detractors have decried and derided him as a rebel who took keen delight in kicking over the traces and as an eccentric whose entire career was dominated by what to them seemed to be an irrepressible urge to gain wealth and popularity by writing music in a unique and radically different way. Others have sought to brand him as little more than an extremely clever poseur. But against all aspersions of this kind we can pit the undeniable fact that thousands upon thousands have derived and continue to derive no end of genuine pleasure from his works.

Ravel's music does not, as a rule, probe deep into the recesses of the heart. In other words, it is seldom profound in character. But even though it usually lacks the sweep of elemental power which stirs one to the very marrow, it is always brimful of melodic distinctiveness. It invariably reveals the hand of a painstaking craftsman, the deftness of a master-technician, the reserve and the emotional restraint of an artist who weighed, winnowed and polished each and every note and phrase with the most scrupulous care before he sent a composition out into the world. Even the gripping and relentlessly surging Bolero, which has brought Ravel's name to all parts of the civilized world, gives striking evidence of uncommon refinement and sensitiveness. The man who wrote this intensely fascinating work has been aptly referred to as one of the aristocrats of modern music. There is something unmistakably patrician in the legacy he has handed down.

Some have maintained that Ravel —who, contrary to common belief, was not a Jew—and his illustrious countryman, Claude Debussy, were kindred spirits. But the statement is only partially true. To a certain extent, it is based on superficial observation and founded on hastily formed conclusions. Debussy was infinitely more important as a trail-blazer than Ravel, and the many atmospheric and

coloristic effects in his compositions are achieved with a far deeper understanding of the beguilingly multifold subtleties of harmony. The works of both composers are characterized by remarkable elegance; but each had his own distinctive style. Debussy was essentially and primarily an impressionist, while in the music of Ravel logic, order, urbanity, wit, humor, reality, structural symmetry, preciseness and a deepseated fondness for established forms usually overshadow those elements that are commonly referred to as imaginative, allusive, pictorial and glowingly sensuous. Yet when the occasion demanded, he was able to evoke images and paint pictures in his creations.

To deny that Debussy was a wonderfully endowed melodist would be just as absurd as it would be to declare that Ravel was not a distinguished master of harmony; but the truth remains that the latter is significantly outstripped by the former in the delicate art of building and combining chords. Debussy's melodies often seem to grow out of an exquisitely contrived harmonic scheme, while Ravel, in the main, used his extensive chordic vocabulary to lend piquant emphasis to the melodic line. There is a pungency and an acidity in much of his voice-leading which, as a rule, we do not find in the works of Debussy. At times, he saw fit to go back to the primitive organum of the Middle Ages. But neither the one composer nor the other ever hesitated to throw the rule-books to the winds whenever the laws laid down by the pundits had been weighed in the balances and found wanting. In this respect, both men had everything in common. The striking difference in their idioms will be clearly seen if we compare Debussy's Quartet in G Minor, which was written in 1893, with Ravel's Quartet in F Major, which was composed about 10 years later.

The Bolero

Many typewriters must be pounded to death and much printer's ink will have to be spilled before it will be possible for the world to formulate a comprehensive and conclusive appraisal of Ravel's stature as a composer; but even now we may say without fear of effective contradiction that he will go down in the history of music as one of the most skillful masters of the exceedingly complex art of orchestration. One need not be afraid to prophesy that in this particular phase of his outstanding ability he will rank with such men as Hector Berlioz, Richard Wagner, Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff and Richard Strauss. Consider, for example, what he has done in the Bolero. The melody itself is regarded by many as commonplace, even as banal. Its basic accompaniment is supplied by a captivating, persistently repeated and increasingly emphasized rhythmical background. Yet observe how Ravel manipulates the constantly reiterated tune. It is given out in turn

by the flute, the clarinet, the bassoon, the E flat clarinet, the oboe d'amore, the muted trumpet, the saxophone, the woodwinds in various combinations, the French horn in conjunction with other instruments, the trombone, and finally by the string choir and by strings adroitly grouped with other members of the orchestral family.

There is a steadily mounting crescendo. With technical dexterity of the rarest kind and with an uncanny understanding of the possibilities of each and every instrument, the composer gradually leads up to an overpowering climax. He clings tenaciously to the key of C major until shortly before the end, when a singularly abrupt change in tonality comes like a sudden dash of icecold water to relieve the tenseness and to dispel the frenzy.

An orchestral *tour de force* of this nature is assuredly not the work of a dabbler. Neither is it a mere stunt. If there is a composer alive today who is able to achieve such exciting effects with one simple little melody, he has not yet come to the fore. It is not going too far to say that Richard Strauss and Jan Sibelius could not write in this way even if they tried, because the domains over which they reign supreme are widely different from the sphere in which Ravel lived, moved and had his being.

The Bolero is unique in music. It has little depth; but the writer of this article is not ashamed to admit that he is always thrilled to the bone when he hears the composition performed by a fine orchestra under a competent conductor. For him it is an exhilarating experience to listen to the readings given by Arturo Toscanini and Serge Koussevitzky. Philip Hale, on the other hand, thought that the work "does not fare better by repetition." In his opinion, "it is the clever trick of a super-refined composer." And the eminent critic of Boston went on to say that "the trick is amazingly well performed; but it is only a trick. The surprise of a first performance does not affect one a second time."

Yet the Bolero does not represent Ravel's technical skill at its height. The two concert suites drawn from the ballet, Daphnis and Chloe, were written more than 25 years ago; but they are scored with even greater wizardry than we find in the work by which the French composer is best known. Over and above this, the music itself has far more substance, far more poetry. These suites rank with the Scheherazade and the Capriccio Espagnole, by Rimsky-Korsakoff, with the Magic Fire Spell, from Wagner's Die Walkuere, and with portions of Richard Strauss' Salome as examples of brilliant and astonishing craftsmanship. The same statement can be made with respect to the magnificent orchestral version of the great Modest Moussorgsky's Pictures at an Exhibition.

Books—some to be read—some to be pondered —some to be enjoyed—and some to be closed as soon as they are opened.

THE LITERARY SCENE

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

A Radiant Soul

MADAME CURIE. A biography by Eve Curie, translated by Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran Co., New York, 1937. $3.50.

BROWNING met Shelley once and compared the meeting to "finding an eagle's feather." The living presence of true greatness is always like that, whether in the flesh or in the pages of a sensitive biography. Perhaps this book about the heroic soul who pursued radium through misunderstanding, tragedy, loneliness, and tons of pitchblende is not a great book. It would probably be somewhat more solid if the author, Madame Curie's younger daughter, had called for the collaboration of Irene Joliot-Curie (the elder daughter, co-winner of the Nobel Prize), particularly in the chapters devoted to the problem involved in the discovery of radium and its profound significance for man's view of the physical universe. But all that is of minor importance. The fact remains that here is a singularly moving and noble biography. Here is story and hope and vision and experience blended in the soul of a woman whose character and achievement shine from the greyness of life with a radiance analogous to the blue-light of her radium in the darkness of the laboratory shed at Paris. In one sentence of the introduction Eve Curie strikes the only possible note: "I hope that the reader may constantly feel, across the ephemeral movement of one existence, what in Marie Curie was even more rare than her work or her life: the immovable structure of a character; the stubborn effort of an intelligence; the free immolation of a human being that could give all and take nothing, could even receive nothing; and above all the quality of a soul in which neither fame nor adversity could change the exceptional purity."

One looks at the frontispiece, a photograph of Madame Curie at the age of sixty-two. The face is lined. The hair is dressed with fine, careless simplicity. The marks of illness are upon her. In 1929 she had only five years to live. But the face is that of a truly beautiful woman, the beauty lying in the arch of the forehead and the flaming soul that looks through the deep, clear, penetrating eyes. Now one understands why Einstein said: "Marie Curie is, of all celebrated beings, the only one whom fame has not corrupted." She cared nothing for success as men understand that blighted word. Even in the dark days of the World War she was no ministering angel in spotless white getting in the way of working nurses like Queen Marie of Rumania. A slight, bent woman, she herself drove the famous Renault automobile which carried her precious radium. Undoubtedly the crowning

irony of her career came when she journeyed to America to receive a gram of radium from the hand of an amiable poker player who happened to be President of the United States, and who could not possibly have understood even the most trivial thought in Madame Curie's mind.

It is a strange and beautiful story, and Eve Curie tells it with restraint and quietness. The ambitious little Polish girl, then Manya Sklodovska, undergoing exquisite torture at the hands of a bullying Russian superintendent of schools; the awakening interest in mathematics and physics; the six years as governess and an unhappy love affair; the flight to Paris and the excitement of the first days at the Sorbonne; the grave and serious courtship conducted by the little Polish girl and the already famous physicist, Pierre Curie; the terrible patience of the search for the mysterious unknown in uranium; the days of early fame; these are the materials which few novelists could have invented. They are the stuff of great living.

INDIVIDUAL scenes are etched with an intense clarity which leaves one breathless with excitement. One night her brother-in-law takes her to hear a young Polish pianist. "Marie saw a long, thin young man appear on the platform, his hair in a halo of red and copper colors, full of flames, about his extraordinary face. He sat down at the black piano. Under his subtle fingers Liszt, Schumann and Chopin came to life. His face was imperious and noble, his inspired eyes looked far away. . . . The girl listened with intoxication to this strange performer who, in his threadbare coat, before the almost deserted rows of seats, seemed not at all a poor artist making his first appearance, but an emperor or a god." His name was Ignace Paderewski.

Came the evening of the day in 1902 when the long quest for radium had ended and Pierre and Marie left the bedside of the sleeping Irene and returned to the dark laboratory: "'Don't light the lamps!' Marie said in the darkness. Then she added:

"'Do you remember the day when you said to me "I should like radium to have a beautiful color"?'

"The reality was more entrancing than the simple wish of long ago. Radium had something better than 'a beautiful color': it was spontaneously luminous. And in the somber shed where, in the absence of cupboards, the precious particles in their tiny glass receivers were placed on tables or on shelves nailed to the wall, their phosphorescent bluish outlines gleamed, suspended in the night.

"'Look . . . Look!' the young woman murmured.

"She went forward cautiously, looked for and found a straw-bottomed chair. She sat down in the darkness and silence. Their two faces turned toward the pale glimmering, the mysterious sources of radiation, toward radium—their radium. Her body leaning forward, her head eager, Marie took up again the attitude which had been hers an hour earlier at the bedside of her sleeping child.

"Her companion's hand lightly touched her hair.

"She was to remember forever this evening of glowworms, this magic."

And then, after fame had come and her name was known in every laboratory in the civilized world she appears before the August tribunal of the Faculty of Science for her doctor's examination:

"M. Lippmann, the president, pronounced the sacred formula:

"'The University of Paris accords you the title of doctor of physical science, with the mention *très honorable.*'

"When the unobtrusive applause of the audience had been stilled, he simply added in friendship, with the timid voice of an old scholar:

"'And in the name of the jury, madame, I wish to express to you all our congratulations.'

"These austere examinations, these serious and modest ceremonies, taking place in exactly the same way for the genius of research and for the conscientious

worker, are not fit subjects for irony. They have their style and their greatness."

For sheer, almost brutal, dramatic impact I have seldom read anything comparable to her first appearance as professor after the tragic death of her husband under the wheel of a wagon in the Rue Dauphine on April 19, 1906: "The left back wheel encountered a feeble obstacle which it crushed in passing: a forehead, a human head. The cranium was shattered and a red, viscous matter trickled in all directions in the mud: the brain of Pierre Curie." Months later all Paris waited for the first lecture of the "famous widow" who had been appointed his successor:

"All those present had the same thought: what would be the new professor's first words—the first words of the only woman the Sorbonne had ever admitted among its masters? Would she thank the Minister, thank the university? Would she speak of Pierre Curie? Yes, undoubtedly: the custom was to begin by pronouncing a eulogy of one's predecessor. But in this case the predecessor was a husband, a working companion. What a strong 'situation'! The moment was thrilling, unique. . . .

"Half-past one. . . . The door at the back opened, and Marie Curie walked to the chair in a storm of applause. She inclined her head. It was a dry little movement intended as a salute. Standing, with her hands strongly holding onto the long table laden with apparatus, Marie waited for the ovation to cease. It ceased suddenly: before this pale woman, who was trying to compose her face, an unknown emotion silenced the crowd that had come for a show.

"Marie stared straight ahead of her and said:

" 'When one considers the progress that has been made in physics in the past ten years, one is surprised at the advance that has taken place in our ideas concerning electricity and matter. . . .'

"Mme Curie had resumed the course at the precise sentence where Pierre Curie had left it."

And yet this symphony of a great life ended on a broken note. Madame Curie's religion was the cold idealism of the laboratory. Admirable as this may be in its devotion to partial truth, it left her afraid and alone before the horror of Pierre's death. Her diary tells the story: "They filled the grave and put sheaves of flowers on it. Everything is over. Pierre is sleeping his last sleep beneath the earth; it is the end of everything, everything, everything." I can understand that. At a time when the positivism of Comte and Spencer dominated much of the thinking of Europe and the work of Pasteur and Darwin had endowed the methods and results of the exact sciences with immense prestige, the grave might well seem the end of everything. It was the end of everything that could be found in the laboratory —even in Madame Curie's. She was perhaps the best child of her age, but the best was not good enough. There is something and Someone above the laboratory and beyond the grave—and the final pity of Madame Curie's life was that she never found the ancient peace some know and none can understand.

What Makes a Writer?

JOHN CORNELIUS. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. 1937. $3.00.

IT IS A sad fact that one cannot decide during the Junior year at college to become a writer. It is possible to become a writer of sorts by grinding application but even first-rate journalists are born not made. All those who wish to write must have imagination, that ability to extract from ordinary incidents the touch and appearance of the extraordinary.

Hugh Walpole chooses to write here the life of a writer, John Cornelius, who is a combination of Walter de la Mare and

A. E. Coppard. The story, told in memoir form, is about a young man who vows that he will become a famous writer. Walpole shows Cornelius' home life, describes his mediocre schooling, his incredible naïveté his friends to whom Cornelius was always passionately loyal, his debut into the literary world, and his writings. By careful reading, if one has a hearsay knowledge of past and present literary gossip, one can find H. G. Wells, D. H. Lawrence, Frank Harris, Aldous Huxley, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, and others in the pages of this novel. The book is *not* a blast against W. Somerset Maugham who caricatured Walpole so cruelly in *Cakes and Ale*. Instead of becoming a world-famous writer of realistic novels, John Cornelius achieves a widening reputation as a fairy-story teller. He dies suddenly at the age of thirty-seven.

This is one of Hugh Walpole's longer novels. Despite the lavish care he devotes to the composition and creation of Cornelius' life, the novel does not become alive. The action proceeds jerkily. There is no compression of incident. He uses 53,000 words to describe the boyhood and youth of John Cornelius but the action in the remainder of the novel is not justified by such an expenditure of words. He overcrowds his pages with characters. Names dance before the reader's eyes. Then at the end he must resort to the old device of writing epitaphs about various characters because he has not handled them adequately within the pages of the novel proper. Even then he forgets to tell the further fortunes of the little son of John Cornelius' best friend.

The fact is that writing a novel in memoir form is extremely difficult. An accumulation of letters, stray conversations, bits from diaries cannot tell a story. To write in the memoir form is deceptively easy. The writer has all the incidents clear. He wishes to avoid the strictures of the formalized novel but in selecting his incidents he forgets the reader. It is for this reason that John Cornelius remains vague and unformed. He is a gray ghost. Some of the people he meets are real. His drunken mother and some of the snobs of London society assume a more convincing reality than he himself does. Despite all the listing Walpole does of the novels Cornelius has written one remains unconvinced. It is also odd that in describing the rise of a literary man Walpole does not once mention the magazines which might have published Cornelius' work.

TO WRITE a novel about a writer who writes novels is almost impossible. If one is selective the incidents are incomplete and unreal. On the other hand to describe how a certain man sat so many hours a day at the typewriter or with his pencils and paper does not sound romantic. The fact is writing is not romantic. It is hard slogging work, the hardest labor in all the world, harder than puddling steel or memorizing logarithms. But no one can see it except the writer himself.

The only course open for a novelist who wishes to write about a novelist is to describe the personal development of his imagined writer, presenting incidents in a progression of dramatic forms. I can think of just three novels which have succeeded in recreating a novelist as a living person. Thackeray's *Pendennis* is one. The other two are Aldous Huxley's biography of D. H. Lawrence in *Point Counter Point* and Grace Hegger Lewis' *Half a Loaf* which is a novelized version of Sinclair Lewis' life. There may be others but these three succeeded in showing why a writer is a unique creature.

Perhaps Walpole was purposely writing his own epitaph when he describes another contemporary writer in *John Cornelius* thus: "He has every gift but genius. . . . He has a fine narrative gift, humour, drama, and a philosophy that is neither as original nor as true as he thinks it is. He is more delightful to read than any of his contemporaries but he does not give joy in retrospect."

There are times when Walpole uses rather obstetrical language but one always has the feeling that he is such a nice man trying hard to impress the dirty boys on the other side of the tracks. Realism is not always produced by calling a spade a spade. Fortunately such instances are so rare a casual reader would miss them.

There will be readers of this review writing in to say that they've heard a lot of vaporizing which ended by saying it was just too bad Walpole couldn't write a novel about a writer. This reviewer won't stop you from buying the book. If you're afflicted with the vice of thinking you can do better than Walpole, you'll feel dissatisfied with *John Cornelius*. If not, Walpole's latest 150,000 words will give you several pleasant and not altogether unprofitable evenings.

Beauty in the Wake of Spain

THE HOUSE IN ANTIGUA. By Louis Adamic. Harpers and Brothers, New York and London. 1937. $3.00.

ANTIGUA, we suppose, continues to slumber on in the shadow of her volcano. It would hardly be otherwise even though the book about "the house" has power enough to move every earnest searcher for beauty to go to Guatemala, "fireside travelling" or really.

Louis Adamic, writing with an ease which reflects Guatemala and Antigua, has given the history of an ancient Central American city a new intimacy by building it around "the house"—"the Popenoe House." Across his pages march vaguely familiar names remembered from drowsy history periods long ago—Hernando Cortes, Don Pedro de Alvarado, and Don Louis de las Infantas Mendoza y Venegas. By November of 1524 the conquest of the Indian nations south of Mexico, now the republics of Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Costa Rica and Nicaragua—seems to have been accomplished. While we remember these places chiefly as outposts for adventure seeking Marines they were at one time very important centers of Old World power in the New World.

Pedro de Alvarado chose a beautiful spot between the extinct volcano Agua and the active Fuego—a valley lying 5,000 feet high—for his city, Santiago de los Caballeros de Guatemala. In 1536 a fire destroyed most of the wooden buildings and the rebuilding caused a very solid and substantial city to appear by 1540. In 1541 new and violent destruction, all in one night, brought an earthquake and cloudburst which practically wiped out everything of that first city. The few survivors now relocated the city a few miles away in another valley and named it, once more, Santiago. This is the present Antigua.

Golden Spain was at the height of her power and she poured more men into the New World continually. By 1543 the new town had grown into a capital second only to those of Mexico and Peru. The turn of the century saw churches and monasteries with massive walls towering over homes that had been built simply outside but very attractively inside. That was typical of the Renaissance in Spain, that it took its cue from the Moors and made the home a place of seclusion—"a statement of their disinclination to cross exhibitionism, a quiet manifestation of their inner qualities—taste, culture, self-control."

"The House in Antigua" was finished more than three hundred years ago in 1634. Louis Adamic arrived shortly after the three hundredth birthday and restored the house to a place of dignity and honor in the whole Western World. The author writes with a fine sensitivity about all those indefinable things which live within the four walls of a home in Spain.—"What did it lack? . . . Home? When and how did a house become a home? With the framing of the union of two people, such as he and Dona Feliciana,

within some well arranged solid masonry? Did children make a house a home? Was a home an extension of one's personality? Did it take Time—years, decades; births, deaths, marriages—to turn a house into a home? . . ."

There is a poetic quality about much of this writing in these pages which makes one feel the sunshine of Guatemala even on a late fall day in the city of Chicago. The centuries roll back—the man who came from Europe to America to become one of the great writers of his adopted land has perhaps more feeling for the others who made that venturesome journey in less efficient vessels. It is clear from the pages of his book that Louis Adamic has the power to walk in the past as though it were today. He is always present with "the house." The waves of disaster—earthquake, cloudburst, volcanic eruption, fire—roll past him and through his hands as he writes. The young and beautiful abbess with her twelve blackamoor maids, of whom the sarcastic friar says, "which was enough for a nun that had vowed chastity, poverty and obedience," is one whom he has met and seen. The hills around the old city become very real as we find the cargadores moving an entire city a distance of from eight to ten miles, carrying, each man, between one hundred and two hundred pounds of archives, records, altars, statues, vestments, fonts, books, candles, snuffers, and tools. The entire governmental personnel moved away. More than 35,000 workmen, their wives and children, went over the mountains into another valley. Only the poorest and humblest remained to fight off the beasts of prey and the vultures amidst the ruins of the old city—that was Antigua and in the midst of Antigua was this house.

The second portion of the book finds the soul of the house joined in a most peculiar fashion to the fortunes of Wilson Popenoe and his brilliant young wife, Dorothy Hughes Popenoe. To this wonderful young woman Adamic dedicates his book. In the restoration of "the house" she was the heart, and before her eyes, even though she never lived to see it finished, its interior glowed again with the furnishings of centuries ago. Her husband finished the restoration with the things that she had accumulated while living and working with him in Central American countries. The book is filled with many soft side-lights on human nature and the varying standards of beauty, but its outstanding character and most amazing personality is still Dorothy Hughes Popenoe.

To convey the sense of beauty in words is one of the most difficult problems in all writing. To do it as simply, gracefully, and understandingly, and with a smile, is a distinct achievement. And you will smile, with the author, over the simplicity of the natives—their direct approaches to problems which have become very complex to our civilization—their naïve joy in the gifts of rivers and mountains and sunshine. We are glad that some of the other traits manifested in the author's previous books, such as "The Cradle of Life" and "Grandsons," have not found their way into this book. The story and "the house" will live long in the letters of America, principally, because they recapture for a settled generation the romance and beauty of the power of the Old World in the New—something that was forgotten in the days when the frontier was everywhere and the appreciation and memory of beauty were subordinated to the struggle for existence.

Light on Luther

REFORMATION LECTURES delivered at Valparaiso University, E. G. Schwiebert, Ph.D., Professor of History, Valparaiso, Indiana, 1937. $2.00.

AT LAST we are able to obtain a picture of Wittenberg as it was when Luther and Melanchthon labored at the University; we know what the en-

rollment was and what courses were taught, how the University was financed, what salaries were paid to Martin Luther and his associates. Dr. Schwiebert has excavated these and many other interesting facts through his research into the sources of Reformation History. To acquaint the student with the history and value of this source material, the author has offered to various seminars in Reformation History, the lectures printed in this volume. We note that his Doctor's dissertation was written on "The University of Wittenberg and other Universities in their Relation to the Reformation."

WE SEE Luther in his workshop. "Daily I am just showered with letters so that my table, bookcases, benches, footstool, desk, chest, and everything lies full of letters, inquiries, deals, requests, etc." Unfortunately, Luther was very careless with his correspondence so that, although his communications at this time (that of the Marburg Colloquy) were innumerable, hundreds of letters have been lost to us forever because Luther did not take the time or trouble to preserve them. If he had not often enclosed important communications in his letters to the Princes of various periods who filed them with other records in the Archives, most of the Reformer's correspondence would be lost to us today. As it is, German industry has unearthed a sufficient number of his letters to fill a series of volumes in the new Weimar which like the line of kings after Banquo seem to "stretch out to the crack of doom." The man's capacity for work was by his enemies declared demoniacal and we can understand their point of view.

Dr. Schwiebert has spent three years of investigation to determine how Wittenberg must have appeared in Luther's day, and he submits his findings in these lectures. Do you know that Luther's house has been rebuilt at least a dozen times, that the familiar towers of the Town church were never seen by the Reformer, that in 1760 the Castle Church, together with the famous "Theses Doors," was burned practically to its foundations?—that in 1813, the new Castle Church, but fifty years old, with its beautiful bells again fell prey to the flames? Thank goodness, the Doctor leaves us the living room of Martin Luther, the house of Melanchthon and the funeral chapel built in 1377 (today a museum). "The modern tourist no longer sees the simple old Gothic structure which was home to Luther for so many years. Certainly the modern elaborate roof, with its turrets, gables and its massive ornate tower little resembles the original of Luther's day. About the only portions which Luther would recognize are the beautiful Catherine portal with Luther's likeness and coat-of-arms, and the Luther room, both of which have been well preserved." The little chapel 20 by 30 feet, then almost in a state of collapse, in which Luther preached his first sermon has long ago disappeared. One of the best preserved buildings is the home of Melanchthon. His work-room was restored in 1897 for the 400th anniversary of his birth. "With Gurlitt, we feel the peace and quiet of this room which seems somehow far removed from the busy world. As we look upon the old small bull's-eye window panes which admit the light but shut us off from the street, the old table at which Melanchthon sat for so much of his work, the old chairs and bed, the various coats-of-arms of Melanchthon, Bugenhagen, Camerarius, Luther, Jonas, and Peucer, somehow the spirit of the man who at one time so profoundly influenced the Reformation as the bosom friend of Luther comes back to us."

There is much interesting detail in the fourteen introductory chapters treating the religious and educational system of the age before the Reformation. When Luther was a young man, the Elector Frederick had 5005 holy relics in the Castle Church. We knew this a long time

ago. What we did not know was that by 1518 the pieces has increased to 17,443 requiring twelve rows of cases to display them all! The total indulgence to be obtained from the entire collection was 127,709 years and 116 days. Represented among these relics were parts of the children slain by order of Herod; the gown of the Virgin Mary; some of the milk of her breast; a piece of the burning bush of Moses; some hay and straw from the manger; the swaddling clothes; hair, shirt, coat and girdle of Christ; and no less than 204 particles and one entire skeleton of one of the poor innocent babes of Bethlehem. All these relics were exhibited in their containers of silver, gold, marble and other precious materials prepared for them at the order of Frederick by Paul Möller, the court goldsmith.

The Library of the University about the year of Luther's death contained 1040 Theological works, 562 volumes in Law, 545 in Medicine, 964 in Philosophy and 24 in Music.

The income of the school was derived from special grants by the Elector and from the rents of estates. In the faculty of Theology the salaries in 1536 were fixed at these amounts:

Luther	$4020
Melanchthon	4020
Jonas (from University funds)	1350
Cruciger	2680
Bugenhagen (plus pastor's salary)	804

The professors were exempt from most taxes and in addition to their fixed salary received many gifts in money and valuables. In 1542, when his property was assessed for the "Türkensteuer," Luther's own estimate of his real estate was 9000 gulden, less a debt against it of 450 gulden. In his second will he evaluates his books, jewels, such as rings, chains, and silver and gold gift-coins, at around 1000 gulden. Thus the grand total of Luther's possessions must have been around 10,000 gulden or, roughly, $110,000. Since we are on this subject, we may also quote Prof. Schwiebert's conviction "that the poverty thesis has been overplayed in the youth of Luther, especially when used as an explanation for his later entry into the monastery. By 1491, Hans Luther had accumulated enough to be classified among the petty capitalists and represented his quarter in the town council. Although never wealthy in the modern sense, Luther's father was worth $18,000 when he died."

In a second printing of these valuable addresses the following misprints should be corrected: Rudimentus for Rudimentis, page 91; Kilde for Kolde, page 235; Anholt for Anhalt, page 248.

A Self-Portrait by the First Lady

THIS IS MY STORY. By Eleanor Roosevelt. 42 illustrations. Harper and Brothers. New York. 1937. $3.00.

IN AN astonishingly frank recording, Eleanor Roosevelt writes about the first forty years of her life. Although sometimes the social register and the household chronicle become tedious, the reader obtains a good picture of a dreaming, companionless child who adored her father; who grew up in the ultra-Victorian home of her Grandmother Hall (by the time she was ten she had lost her mother, one brother and her father), who gained independence at Mlle. Souvestre's French school in England, who all too conscious of her appearance in a family famous for its belles and beauties was uncomfortable at debutante parties, who accepted the proposal of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, her "fifth cousin once removed" and although she admitted that she loved him, did not learn to know what loving was until years later, who as a young mother centered her interests on her growing family but later found a new metier in politics. In adapting herself to the times, she discarded the old, met the new age, and, through

quick adjustment, found herself at home.

In order to regain his health, the father of Mrs. Roosevelt, when he was only fifteen, hunted and lived in the West in its "wild and woolly" days, made a trip around the world as a young man, shot in India and became an outstanding sportsman. When he married the beautiful Anna Hall, two families of divergent interests came together. The Halls were concerned with the high social stratum of New York Society—as the autobiographer emphasizes, it was spelled with a capital "s." The dynamic Roosevelts were doers and interested in people and especially those who had little of life's luxury.

The author's early child memories are described as "vague," but her father (the book dedication reads: "To the memory of my father who fired a child's imagination, and to the few other people who have meant the same inspiration throughout my life") was close and clear. "He dominated my life as long as he lived," she writes, "and was the love of my life for many years after he died."

His drinking habit is traced to the stress of the busy social, business and sport life and to an injury received while he was riding in a society circus. The mother, before her death, named Grandmother Hall as guardian of her three children, because of the father's alcoholic addiction.

The author's Grandfather Hall studied theology and enjoyed it so much that he had a clergyman live in his home, so that he might have conversation "on equal terms." His Dore illustrated Bible "probably gave me the nightmares," the author mentions. Although the grandmother had been too lenient in disciplining her own children (this duty having been her husband's solely), she rallied it, after his death, for the second generation, in contrast to the usual grandmother custom, and reared the children on the principle "that 'no' was easier to say than 'yes.' "

The book catalogs the frequent travels of the family during its European visits and residences in France, Italy and England, summer vacations near the Bay of Fundy, Bar Harbor, Tivoli, and numerous transcontinental trips.

During the writer's adolescent years, clothes that may have been appropriate for her age were not becoming to her size; flannels were worn from November 1 to April 1; hot baths were scheduled twice a week; cold sponges, every morning.

Chaperonage was an institution; a deaconess was engaged to make the ocean voyage with the author when she was returning to Mlle. Souvestre's school. Although she hardly saw the woman, it would have been unthinkable to journey alone!

AT NINETEEN she became engaged to Franklin Roosevelt. Her mother-in-law, though she approved of the betrothed girl's training, tried to make her only son reconsider the engagement and took him on a West Indies' cruise, evidently to forget the romance. The girl resented the interference; the young man's feelings, however, did not change.

A very amusing account of her wedding tells that the police guarded the residence so thoroughly that a few guests could not gain entrance until after the ceremony was over. While the bridal couple waited to receive the good wishes of their friends, the bride's uncle, President Theodore Roosevelt, who had given her away in the ceremony, went to the library for refreshments; the guests followed him and soon the newlyweds were deserted. At first annoyed, but then amused, they joined their wedding guests, to watch the President "steal their show."

Franklin Roosevelt was at ease in a boat, a saddle; he was a good swimmer, golfer, driver, collector, but he played alone. His wife tried during their early married life to become interested in his sports, but too often gave up. Not until after his attack of infantile paralysis, when she was determined to give the boys the camping trips and fun in water, on woodland trails, and tours that their convalescing father

could not give them, did she learn how to swim and to drive a car. Before that time her shyness, which she often refers to, thwarted her.

All the Roosevelt sons have worn their father's christening dress at their baptism; the daughter wore her mother's. The author is grateful that the good eyes of her family were transmitted to her offspring and the prominent front teeth and "not very good mouth and chin" were spared them.

The last hundred pages of the book deal with her many interests which were sought and followed to help her husband in his public offices, and they form the most interesting part of the biography.

In the last chapter Mrs. Roosevelt explains why she has written *This Is My Story:*

"I think I had two objectives—one was to give a picture if possible of the world in which I grew up and which seems to me today to be changed in many ways. The other to give as truthful a picture as possible of a human being. A real picture of any human being seems to me interesting in itself, and it is especially interesting when we can follow the play of other personalities upon that human being and perhaps get a picture of a group of people and of the influence on them of the period in which they lived. . . . The more honest you can be about yourself and others, however, the more valuable what you have written will be in the future as a picture of the people and their problems during the period covered by the autobiography."

One grows rather weary of the repetitious personal pronoun "I" appearing from ten to fifteen times on many, many pages. Even though the volume has its virtues in frankness, humor, and growth of an individual, the style could be improved. No sacrifice would be made if fewer platitudes were used. The letters that are quoted seldom merit printer's ink. The book will be of interest to American readers because the author is our country's First Lady.—HARRIET SCHWENK

Not Good Enough

THE RAINS CAME. By Louis Bromfield. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1937. $2.75.

THE subtitle is misleading. In *The Rains Came* India is merely an effective backdrop against which Dr. Bromfield, disguised as novelist, does a little laboratory work on Western civilization. The scientific credo and self-imposed task of "seeing and appraising the greater strangeness of reality" unearths for him some rare specimens. The laboratory technique made popular by Vicki Baum, he improves with a breath-taking inclusiveness. While *Grand Hotel* isolated a few samples of the European scene, Dr. Bromfield slides under his microscope species from the far and strange corners of the globe. His callous vivisecting results in a diagnosis and prognosis of the patient that is, for him, clear, concise, final: ". . . its greed, its falseness, and its tragic materialism, its desperate snatching at any small hope, its dictators and its degeneracy. Let it alone; soon enough it would destroy itself." Its end result is this long, sombre, and, for a layman, sometimes nauseating book.

Most of his specimens are trying to escape from their individual, peculiar 20th century hell; all are ripe for a major operation. They get it. There is war-disillusioned Tom Ransome, perplexed offspring of the British peerage and the Nevada mining country, trying to "End it All in India" by the usual methods. There is Fern Simon, daughter of a novelist's stereotyped foreign missionary, trying to escape from the futile platitudes of her Iowa father and the snobbish, catty, provincialism of her Mississippi backwaters' mother. Miss McDaid, Scotch, spinsterish but invaluable superintendent of the Ranchipur Hospital is caught in a hopeless, common-sense-destroying love for Major Safti, ex-Brahmin, brilliant, handsome surgeon. There is Lord Esketh, ruthless business baron; his wife, final flowering

of completely amoral sophistication; and a long list of lesser characters to be found by any stone-turning scientist in the gutters of Russia, the slums of England, the dives of Europe. The controls in this laboratory experiment are solid, sane, dependable Mr. and Mrs. Smiley; their eighty-year-old Aunt Phoebe from an Iowa farm; the far-sighted, emancipated Maharajah and his Rani from the hill country of North India. To bring out in bold relief the organic strength or weakness of this collection it is effectively mounted against the background of the Indian state of Ranchipur, in transition, straddling the civilizations of East and West. The catalyst is an earthquake, flood, and epidemic that isolates them into an intimacy they could and would have avoided even in the confines of that small city. The Q.E.D. of the entire problem is the strange thesis of salvation by attrition of character. Force a group of bewildered, awry personalities to face a common disaster and one another and the leaven of common-sense will do the trick —common-sense made up of "honesty, simplicity, and friendliness."

WHILE it interests, the experiment does not convince. One suspects Mr. Bromfield of having read his findings in the role of novelist instead of scientist. The reactions are too pat, too perfect, too artificial. To assume that what is needed by an ailing civilization is a return to the ancient virtues of honesty, simplicity and friendliness is begging the question; is saying, in effect, "The best way to get well is not to be sick." For the basic ills of Western civilization consist, in the final analysis, in the lack of just those qualities, spiritually, mentally, and physically. In the second place we believe it will take more than self-hypnotism, a force stronger even than an earthquake, flood and epidemic to effect such a fundamental change in character. By extension of that thesis the recent natural and social catastrophes in the Western world should have ushered in the kingdom of heaven. We are just far enough removed from 1929 to know that they have done no such thing. And finally, we cannot agree with him because the one force that has, in the past, wrought such changes in civilizations, in nations, in individuals—spiritual Christianity—is firmly ruled out by Mr. Bromfield. It is ruled out inferentially when he paints the representative of the Church, missionary Simon, in the hackneyed but in real life always exceptional colors of another muddled introvert on the order of Somerset Maugham's missionary in *Rain*. It is ruled out flatly when the fair-haired boy of the novel, the sociological worker, Mr. Smiley, goes unchallenged as one who "knew that neither India nor her people were to be saved by conversion to Christianity or any other religion." We detect the common fallacy of judging our present decadence a result of a failed Christianity instead of the result of a successfully misunderstood and emasculated Christianity. As scientist, Mr. Bromfield didn't click for we closed the book with the definite suspicion that when the pressure is finally released its transformed characters are going to revert very swiftly to type.

But Mr. Bromfield, novelist, is another matter. He does tell a good story and tells it in a practised fashion. The essential background of its many characters is blocked in with swift, bold strokes. On the order of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* the leisurely, meandering introduction intensifies the inexorableness of its denouement. Mr. Bromfield succeeds in translating into words the impact and sweep of an earthquake and a hungry flood. He has imbibed the fundamental fear pattern of "mystic" India with a poetic intuition and uses it as a fitting, brooding setting for his demi-tragedy. We say that even though one would not be quibbling in lifting an eyebrow at an occasional lapse such as the veteran Miss McDaid's impossible breach of Indian superstition-etiquette in praising a newborn child to its mother. And though he professes a realist's credo he is, at heart, a satisfactorily romantic

novelist. He cannot resist the impulse to play god when the characters who might interfere with the hero and heroine living happily ever after are neatly killed off; when the minor villains are all undoubtedly just about to get theirs off-stage; when the really tragic situation of the book is left casually dangling in midair. Perhaps it is just this unsuspected romantic streak that makes him unfit to play the role of clear thinking scientist. It won't hurt him in Hollywood.

And now the inevitable question: "Shall you put *The Rains Came* on your 'must' reading list?" For a melodramatic story of strange people in a strange land—yes. For an unafraid reassertion of the fact that something is spiritually and sociologically rotten in today's Denmark—perhaps. For a profound diagnosis of the world's ills—hardly. For a trustworthy signpost to the way out—no.—WALTER E. KRAEMER

Church and State, Not Church Versus State

HORACE MANN AND RELIGION IN THE MASSACHUSETTS PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Raymond B. Culver. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. 1929. $3.00.

AT PRESENT the religious bodies in the United States lay claim to a membership of over 63 million. Can the church bodies maintain this weakened position or will they retreat even further?

Colonial America operated with a dominating religious motive. To settle in certain regions meant to be a member of certain denominations or sects. Government, education, and society generally grew around a hardy religious nucleus. Religion and education were inseparable companions. The earliest school laws in New England prescribed the teaching of reading in order that the children might read the Bible and that the work of the devil, "that old deluder," might be circumvented.

A close relationship between religion and education was maintained for approximately 300 years. Its separation came only after a terrific battle of opposing forces. In the volume under review, Culver undertakes to give in considerable detail the scramble as it appeared in Massachusetts when Horace Mann was secretary of the state board of education from 1837 to 1849. This period may be taken as a type study, for the trends in other states and regions followed more or less the same pattern. As discussed by Culver, Horace Mann may be taken as an illustrious example of a new type of distinctly American leader who fought with all that he had for free American schools, but who apparently did not know quite what to do with religious instructions in these schools. He was not ready to abandon religion as a basic means of education, and yet to keep it in tax supported schools and to force children by law to attend these schools meant prescribing a religion. This could clearly not be done according to Article I of the Bill of Rights in the Constitution of the United States. Here then was a problem to be solved.

Scarcely fifty years before a people had declared in section one of the famous Northwest Ordinance of 1787

> Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged.

What could this mean except that "schools" were religious schools? The Constitution of the United States, adopted a few years later, makes no provision for education, but does reiterate in clear-cut and unmistakable language "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; . . ." Apparently education was among the powers delegated to the states in Article X by the words "The powers not delegated to the United States by the

Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

That the states considered education as a part of their function is borne out by a number of the early state constitutions. It is a mistake, however, to think that immediately the states rushed into a broad program of popular education. Education actually came as a trailer to several other movements. The period from about 1800 to approximately 1830 witnessed the development of a great spirit of national consolidation and democracy. The spirit of democracy came to a high point in the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency. Apparently the spirit of consolidation and democracy which swept the country convinced many that the United States might not endure as a nation without a system of general free education. But the schools were generally in most miserable circumstances. Thus the states became disposed toward a more vigorous policy in education.

Culver's account begins with the culmination of this great period of national development. In 1827, as a sequence to previous school laws, Massachusetts enacted an extensive law which

> Provided, also, that said committee [that is, the local district committee] shall never direct any school books to be purchased or used, in any of the schools under their superintendence, which are calculated to favor any particular religious sect or tenet. (P. 22)

This provision of the law was the basis for much of the controversy which burst out when Horace Mann and his state board sought for books which would meet the restrictions prescribed by law. What a problem in sedate Calvinistic Massachusetts or in any other state for that matter! What attitude would old Calvinists, New Lights, Liberals, Edwardeans, Hopkinsians, Unitarians, and a score or more of other denominations or sects take? Imagine the problem of finding religious books which would have any religion left in them and yet find acceptance among the various church bodies. Liberal Horace Mann set out to do this with the aim of keeping religion in school, especially as a basis for morality. Mann, who did not accept some of the tenets of old, such as total depravity, for example, was to recommend books for the child of an "Old Calvinist." Naturally he did not succeed. But he did succeed in keeping the idea of a free tax supported school system in Massachusetts, and unintentionally with many others in eliminating later religious instruction almost entirely from the state schools. It must be said, however, that Mann had no intention of doing the latter. Nor can it be said that the religious liberals were on one side and the orthodox church people on the other. It was a big scramble in more than one sense.

TODAY we have the fruits of the movements discussed in part by Culver's careful study. The courts have stated repeatedly that education is a function of the state. Public education is almost totally secularized. A little Bible reading, the singing of "The Messiah" or several famous church hymns in season, may still be tolerated. We have gone further. Only too often individuals in the public school system have used their position of advantage to ridicule and attack with an indescribable bigotry all churches and beliefs, especially those who hold to the doctrine of Divine inspiration of the Bible. From a seeming inseparable union of religion and education we now have not infrequently in practice a tax supported opposition to all religious instruction. Culver holds that sectarian jealousies are at fault. (P. 238). He appears to believe that an education denuded of all religious instruction is a costly arrangement, as our present crime situation would indicate.

In consideration of the educational trends described, can the Church maintain its position in the United States? It can,

humanly speaking, if it is willing to bring sacrifices for Christian education on all levels. Can a completely secularized education, accompanied by a converse weakening religious influence, because of weak church policies, maintain its position? Can a nation so ordered endure? It can, humanly speaking, if the church meets its obligations in Christian education toward its children and young people. May the future educational policies of our country always be Church and State, and never Church versus State.—ALFRED SCHMIEDING

Voice and Print

LITERARY TREASURES OF THE BIBLE. By Oscar L. Olson, Ph.D., Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, 50¢.

THIS little booklet presents in printed form a lecture which Professor Olson, of Luther College, has delivered many times. No doubt the lecture was effective. An intelligent reading of its fine Biblical passages by a man with a good voice would in itself hold the attention of almost any audience. But now that the lecture is in cold print, the effect of the lecturer's voice is lost, and the audience becomes more critical. The Biblical passages, to be sure, seem no less great, but the author's comment seems to add little to the reader's appreciation of their greatness. As a matter of fact, Dr. Olson's text is sometimes so tenuous that it approaches parody.

Some of this tenuousness is no doubt the result of his trying to discuss too much material within the limits of a very small volume. *Literary Treasurers of the Bible* is a booklet of forty-seven pages of about 250 words each. Of these forty-seven pages, only about thirty are devoted to the discussion of the Bible as literature. Less than five hundred words are devoted to oratory in the Bible; the short story is given only a few more words; the subject of the Bible as history is given one page; and the entire discussion of the Bible as poetry is disposed of in 250 words. One third of the discussion of the Bible as history consists of a quotation from Professor Wright, of Oberlin Theological Seminary, and half a page of the discussion of the short story in the Bible is devoted to a quotation from Dr. Richard G. Moulton —a quotation, by the way, which deals not with the short story but with drama.

It is the section on "Literary Style," however, that really tries the patience of the reader. Here Dr. Olson takes nothing for granted. Has the reader finished grammar school? Dr. Olson feels he had better not take even that for granted. Witness his opening sentence: "It is characteristic of good literature that it is written in good language." But that is only a beginning. On the next page he says: "There is hardly any quality of style that is more interesting and elucidating than comparisons" (are *comparisons* a *quality?*). On the following page the reader is told that *"Personification* is treating something that is not a person as if it were . . . ," and a little farther on he is informed that "The rhetorics tell us that in order to emphasize a word strongly it should be placed first in the sentence."

In the last twelve pages of the booklet, the author points out that the Bible foretells or foreshadows coming events; that it gives "the precepts and pattern of a perfect life"; and that "it answers definitely and finally the all-absorbing questions pertaining to the origin, purpose, and destiny of human life." It is obviously impossible for him to do more than generalize about these topics in twelve short pages, but his generalizations are presented effectively.

As a popular lecture on the Bible, Professor Olson's contribution is perhaps adequate, but as a book on the literary treasures of the Bible it leaves much to be desired. It seems to the reviewer that denominational publishing houses should be less willing to rush into print with the more popular productions of the professors at church colleges and seminaries, for tenu-

ous publications like this volume and the pot-boilers of other theological professors are tending to make the educated laity suspicious of the scholarship of the Church in America.—W.G.F.

Toward a Christian Philosophy of Life

GOD-CONTROLLED LIVES. By Sverre Norborg, Ph.D. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 1937. $1.00.

A FASCINATING book. Christianity reduced to its simplest terms, a philosophy of life, psychology for Christian and social workers, pastoral theology for ministers, and sound advice for practical every day Christian living—all are beautifully blended into these nine chapters that make a fresh study of nine New Testament characters. A disciple-knowledge of Jesus Christ and a deep understanding of the needs and capacities of the human soul are reflected in these studies. Those who already love and serve the Lord Jesus will be advanced in knowledge and admiration; those who are complacent and indifferent will be stimulated to fresh study and action; while those who are skeptical or in danger of becoming so will surely be helped to a clearer understanding and a more joyous faith.

Regarding the author, who is both a philosopher and a theologian, lecturing at the University of Minnesota and the Augsburg Theological Seminary, we refer to a review of his *Varieties of Christian Experience* in the first issue of THE CRESSET, p. 57.

On opening *God-Controlled Lives* attention is at once arrested by the preface which the author entitles "A Confession —not a Preface," with the result that it is read and his main thesis immediately gleaned: "There is no basic difference between lives lived long ago and the lives of today. The need, the longing, and the restlessness of the human heart are the same. And sin is the same." Therefore, "it is of vital importance that we return to what He said and what He did, to what He promised for these lives and,—all lives." Norborg then pleads for a fresh and simple restatement of Christian truth in the language of the common people and fitted to the experiences of today, much as Luther did in his *Vom Dolmetschen.* Here is the concluding paragraph of the preface:

"They are real lives with a reality we sorely need. And His answers to all these lives are so deeply human and spiritual that we cannot find one story in the Gospels which has not a message to each of us. That is the divine uniqueness of Him and of His Word."

The nine studies of New Testament characters are called "Pictures" and carry these titles: A Fisherman, A Tax Collector, A Father, A Rich Man, A Scholar, A Paralytic, A Woman, A Robber, A Skeptic. Pictures they are, indeed; living and "moving" pictures. The author's graphic and vivid style makes these personalities very real. As we read his delineations we are reminded of operations we have witnessed in hospitals. As the skilled surgeon dissects the diseased from the healthy tissue, so Dr. Norborg analyzes thoughts, desires, emotions; he lays bare the seat of the disease and then reveals the divine technique of the Great Physician. Jesus the Man among men, the Friend of sinners, the Helper of the helpless, the Healer of the sin-sick, the Remover of doubt and fear, the Strength of the weak, and the Overcomer of death,—stands forth in the beauty and majesty of His Saviorhood.

To these studies Dr. Norborg brings not only the technical equipment of a professional psychologist and theologian, no only the skill of a literary artist, but, abov all, the glow of a true Christian faith an the warmth of a genuinely Christian love A scholar, as revealed in Picture Five; ye very human, as revealed in Picture Fou He has felt the heart-throb of humanity

More than a scholar, he is a real disciple, with a feeling of compassion for fellow-sinners. A bit of autobiography is woven in on pages 57-58 (experiences in New York City among the underprivileged) and p. 121 (a visit to Sing Sing). The latter scene conveys a lesson in Christian humility and makes good reading for all of us. What Norborg says on p. 122 of Good Friday preaching the reviewer has often felt, and with him many other preachers.

We heartily commend this book to our young people, particularly to students of Psychology and Sociology. They will find the whole book interesting. The "Pictures" of the Rich Man, the Scholar, the Woman, and the Skeptic should prove particularly helpful. Ministers and social workers may gain valuable suggestions from these studies.

The following passages fairly illustrate the author's sententious style and his religious and philosophical reflections.

"The living God always remains the Surprise of human reason and feeling. He overawes us. A life with Him is a continuous surprise party. He does the most astonishing things, bursting the small nets of our everyday existence." (p. 9) "Above the jungle of human disorder there is a sunlit mountain peak called God's purpose." (p. 11) "The crowd became silent with that silence in which curiosity and awe meet as surprise." (p. 40) "Deeper than any social difference is the unity which is based on the instinctive love of fatherhood." (p. 41) "The father staggered between a dead child and a living Master, between a dead fact and a secret hope." (p. 44) "Times come in life when the greatest consolation is sanctified silence." (p. 45) "Any profound study of comparative religion will reveal the bottomless fear ruling mercilessly all that live: The night cometh, when all lights go out." (p. 45-46) "The peak of comparative religion is the dying Socrates. The living hope of Christianity is the Crucified One." (p. 48) "The more one sees of life's beauty and realities, the more one has compassion upon the unfortunate ones who are born to wealth." (p. 56-57) "Here is something to learn: Namely, how to unlearn our sentimental 'humanitarianism' towards the people of the slums and, on the other hand, our poorly disguised contempt for the rich. Both these attitudes are radically immoral in their Pharisaism and both need to have the cutting knife of love pierce their self-satisfaction. The idea and ideal is to become a human being among human beings, whether it be among the down-and-outs or the up-and-outs." (p. 57) "No seed can take root in the stones of malice." (p. 124) "Where guilt meets honesty there is no room for excuse." (p. 127) "The cry of the robber is the deepest Forget-me-not ever uttered upon this earth." (p. 129) "Christians who have never suffered with and for unsaved human lives lead us to wonder whether they have ever met Christ, whether they are more than nominal Christians." (p. 140) "Fellowship and faith live together and grow together." (p. 146)

The author's method of startling statements and pregnant sentences may here and there first cause a misunderstanding. But as this reviewer reads him, his theology is as sound as his psychology. The slight error that crept in on page XI, "Paul" for John Bunyan should be corrected in later editions. This edition should soon be exhausted.—MARTIN WALKER

★ ★ ★

Norway, Denmark, and Sweden have no juvenile delinquency laws as crime does not exist there.

The JANUARY Magazines

Each month THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers.*

Scribner's

What Happens to Our Rhodes Scholars?

By MILTON MACKAYE

Theoretically the thirty-two young men chosen annually as Rhodes Scholars are the cream of American youth. In a realistic, factual article Mr. Mackaye outlines the results of this famous exchange student system since its inception in 1904. By and large the 870 Rhodes Scholars have made an excellent record even though Cecil Rhodes' original purpose that they should enter government service has not been realized. The transplanting of American students to the ivy and towers of Oxford presents an interesting study in contrasts. Educational institutions in America and in England have entirely different standards. Even today American reports with their "credits" and "hours" are largely incomprehensible to Oxford dons. Life at Oxford with its twenty-two men's colleges and four women's colleges is socially narrower and culturally broader and deeper than life at all but a few of our American schools. This is an article which will interest all campus dwellers.

The Flu Epidemic of 1918

By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

In its excellent series of articles "reconstructing memorable fragments of our neglected past" *Scribner's* presents this valuable recollection of the tragic flu epidemic of 1918. Older readers will read it with glowing memory and younger readers should read it for information. The epidemic was undoubtedly one of the most mysterious phenomena in medical annals. It literally swept over the world—from Camp Funston, Kansas, to Bombay, India. More than 500,000 Americans died. The Germans were accused of starting it by smuggling a German seaman with a bottle of germs into a New York theatre. Over half the population of San Antonio, Texas, fell ill. The British Ministry of Health reported that "no epidemic of smallpox or cholera could vie with the influenza of 1918-19 as agents of destruction." Why it began, where it began, why it has been milder in form and extent since 1918—the answers to these questions have not yet been

given. The article is immensely interesting.

The American Mercury

No Third Term for Roosevelt

By FRANK R. KENT

The erudite Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* turns his attention to the possibility of a third term for the current resident of the White House. Despite the fact that the problem will not become acute until 1940, Mr. Kent believes that there is no chance that Mr. Roosevelt will seek, or can get, a third term. His reasons for this view are lucid and persuasive. Essentially it will be possible only if the President can unify the warring factions in the Democratic party and if 1940 finds the nation in an extreme emergency. "Like his predecessors, noted by Admiral Grayson, Mr. Roosevelt will leave the White House three years from this January with a smile on his lips and a keen nostalgic pain that will stay with him as long as he lives. Barring the almost impossible combination of a great national crisis, a super-President, and an election year, there will be in this country no third term while our present political system survives." Sound reading.

The Triumph of the Have-Not

By H. L. MENCKEN

The title of the article is self-explanatory. It is significant as a partial answer to the question which has disturbed every observer of the course of American letters: "Whatever happened to H. L. Mencken?" His style is as mellifluous and caressing as ever. He still knows how to call names. There is still a kernel of truth in many of his observations. But something is missing. His former urbane dislike for "homo sapiens" has turned into vitriolic bitterness. We suspect that there is something abroad in America today which makes Mencken distinctly uncomfortable. Once the idol of the younger generation of the post-war years, he has seen the present generation turn to new, though not necessarily better, idols. The world has passed him by and he has been reduced to writing occasional pot-boilers for *Liberty*. Nevertheless, there is some truth in his present attack on the excrescences of the New Deal. Goodness in a human being is independent of poverty or wealth. To say that all the poor are good and all the rich are bad is palpable nonsense. In his usual vein Mr. Mencken says that—but nothing more.

Radicals in Our Churches

By HAROLD LORD VARNEY

This article was well worth writing, but the choice of the author is unfortunate. He is a notorious Red-baiter whose essay on the liberal journals in the *American Mercury* three months ago was an exceedingly poor piece of work. The present article (discount-

ing the author's bias) is well worth study. Especially valuable is his description of the inner workings of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America: "For all practical purposes the permanent secretariat *is* the Federal Council. Nominally, the Council is a representative body of 287 members, appointed by the heads of the denominations and holding biennial meetings. But these meetings seldom attempt more than the ratification of the interim activities of the president and the secretariat. There is also an executive committee of eighty. This committee meets five or six times a year with an average attendance of twenty-five or thirty, but its actions are usually predetermined by a smaller advisory committee. The actual authority in the organization is invested in the president." We thought so. Let this be remembered when the Federal Council presumes to speak for 22,000,000 Protestants.

Harper's

Good and Wicked Words

By Bernard De Voto

Those who have followed the helpful articles on semantics contributed by Stuart Chase will welcome this discussion of them by the editor of the Easy Chair. It is a most friendly criticism. It does, however, point out that Stuart Chase has not succeeded wholly in avoiding the error which he so effectively denounces. The article also demonstrates that truth generally hovers somewhere between the extremes. Considered together with the last in the series of articles by Stuart Chase, "Word Trouble Among the Statesmen," this criticism of Bernard De Voto ought to make for sounder judgments, saner opinions, and a wiser use of words.

I Fly for Spain

By Eugene Finick

This is the story of the experiences of a young man of 25 years from the East Side of New York who volunteered for service in the air force of the Spanish Republican Army where he fought for nine months and now lies wounded in a Spanish hospital. More interesting and revealing than even his thrilling adventures in aerial warfare are the reasons with which he seeks to make heroic his voluntary enlistment in the Republican Army of Spain—he is fighting for democracy and, as an American Catholic, he remembers, too, that the Spanish Republican Army is "made up overwhelmingly of men born and brought up in the Catholic faith." Is this sheer irony or ignorance, or merely a pathetic commentary on the lofty causes which men can summon to make war glorious and inevitable?

What's Behind the Strikes

By Alexander H. Frey

Because it describes the forces and interests within and outside of the ranks of labor which make unioniza-

tion and collective bargaining difficult, this article helps to a clearer understanding of the present conflict and confusion in the labor situation. The author defends the thesis that the unionization of labor is essential in our industrial system which has completely changed the former personal relation between employer and employee. Although he notes the faults of unions and of their leaders, he emphasizes almost exclusively the wrongs of the employers. With all the fuel which is being recklessly thrown upon the fires of class conflagration, the need for calm judgment and Christian realism is becoming increasingly apparent and indispensable.

Forum

Migs—America's Shantytown on Wheels

By Carleton Beals

The migration to California of an estimated 150,000 people chiefly from the drought states of Arizona, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Missouri is in itself an interesting fact. In back of this fact, however, there is a touching story of privation and hunger and cruel exploitation. Victims of the drought and the depression, these hapless folk are now at the mercy of a crushing industrialized agricultural system in the months of harvest and for the rest of the year, are living in helpless dependence upon governmental charity. The description of their living conditions is pathetically shocking. No work of fiction could demonstrate more effectively the hardness and injustice possible in the twentieth century even in these United States. To read this account means to use the term "modern progress" henceforth with more discriminating qualifications.

Mobilizing the Innocents—Communism Behind the Scenes

By James Rorty

Some may be inclined to dismiss this article as just another attempt to drag the red herring across our country from far away Moscow and Stalin. The evidence, however, which the author submits to substantiate the charge that the present strategy of Moscow is to involve America in the next war on the side of the Soviet Union merits saner reflection. This strategy is being made effective, the author maintains, particularly through the American League Against War and Fascism and "the penetration of the C.I.O. by members and stooges of the Communist Party." The fact that the American League Against War and Fascism at its fourth congress held in Pittsburgh, November 26-28, changed its name to the American League for Peace and Democracy and also accepted the withdrawal of the Communist Party from affiliation does not indicate to the author any change in its sinister purpose or in its Communistic control. To those who reject the bitter pessimism of his predictions the author gives the advice to stop, look, listen. To follow this always sound advice is to be startled by the threats

to peace and to democracy which are becoming steadily more imminent and to be more deeply impressed by the gripping need of the Christian world view in a day "when men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."

Pleader for the Damned

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

This sketch of the life and career of the famous warden of Sing Sing Prison is instructive reading. For thirty-two years Warden Lawes has been closely associated with prisoners and the problem of crime. Although we cannot subscribe to all the theories of crime and of human nature which Warden Lawes endeavors to demonstrate in his work, we are impressed by the great difficulties which he is endeavoring to overcome in his efforts to rehabilitate the prisoner as a useful member of society. "But perhaps Lawes' greatest contribution to penology is his determination not to let the public forget that some 125,000 Americans live in prison." This is undoubtedly the most arresting fact which the article offers. How wide and profound its implications!

★ ★ ★

To the masses of the western world the news that all men are more than things was proclaimed by the Christian gospel and was celebrated in its central mysteries. It proclaimed the news to all men that they were not brute things, to all men without exception, the weak, the outcast, the downtrodden, the enslaved, and utterly dejected. The influence of that gospel has been inexhaustible. It anchored the rights of men in the structure of the universe. It set these rights apart where they were beyond human interference. Thus the pretensions of despots became heretical. For in the recognition that there is in each man a final essence—that is to say, an immortal soul—which only God can judge, a limit was set upon the dominion of men over men.—WALTER LIPPMANN in *The Good Society*.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

More on "Moral Indignation"

SIR:

I heartily agree with you in deploring the fact that so many seem to have lost the capacity for moral indignation. They can look on heartlessness, injustice and brutality of every sort and remain calm and unruffled. A plague on such anthropoid oysters. Their indifference stamps them as morally feebleminded.

But while I so agree with you in what I believe you meant, I likewise agree with your correspondents in what I think they meant. They said that there was too much "moral indignation" in the reviews. I wonder whether they did not mean "too much of *a show* of moral indignation," in other words, too much ranting? If so, I think they are right. I find ranting defined as "vehement language without importance or dignity of thought." This, it appears to me, is a failing of a certain proportion of the clergy and of at least one of your reviewers. Such people mistake mere scolding and vituperation for moral indignation and imagine that they are very impressive if they hit the ceiling whenever they can find the least excuse for it. Perhaps they are impressive—to the rabble. The judicious will realize that they are merely enjoying an emotional debauch, will question their judgment and balance, and will wonder about their sincerity. On the other hand, quiet, deeply earnest censure, in measured terms and to the point, carries conviction and power. And if a person who usually so speaks with restraint, bursts into fiery denunciation on some rare occasion that warrants it, his words will fall like thunderclaps, and not emptily rumble along like the hollow pother of the chronic ranter.

LLOYD WARNER

Buffalo, New York

Brackets Removed

SIR:

THE CRESSET is comparable to the many physically similar publications on the market and is superior to many in this that it is not superfluous, but has an individual place. It is one literary review which can be read and recommended without religious reservations and moral safeguards. It has a spiritually balanced staff.

In brackets, I might venture to suggest your reviewers should be reminded they are not writing for a theological monthly. This does not hint at any marked tendency in your first issue; but there was almost such a leaning in one in particular, e.g. —a non-religious book should not be criticized for sins of omission, but rather for what it has.

HENRY RISCHE

Dunsmuir, California

Now What?

SIR:

While I concede your better skill in deciding on a proper balance in the various departments, yet I for myself would welcome a greater coverage on the books of today in view of the fact that almost 9000 books were published in 1937.

Have you considered a Cinema review? Perhaps it could be conducted along this line: Review of only the best. My personal

view on movies is: Just as in books so also in movies there are some good, some bad, some indifferent. I cannot object to Christians attending a good movie any more than to their reading of a good book.

W. P. SAUER

Buffalo, Minnesota

SIR:

Several of us here are very interested in THE CRESSET and have had several fine discussions based on its content. We are eagerly looking forward to the next issue.

On the item of publishing movie reviews, may I add my "nickel's worth"? I think this would hardly be necessary because there are so many reviews available already that any one should be able to judge for himself as to whether or not a picture is worth seeing.

RUTH PETERING

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

SIR:

Concerning the motion picture—I would say that I for one would sincerely welcome such an endeavor. During a number of lectures preparatory to adult confirmation during the past months I have been repeatedly asked to suggest titles of pictures which a Christian could attend with a good conscience. I fully realize that difficulties in this endeavor would present themselves. However, if only a limited list could be offered, we pastors would be served considerably if we have a few names at our finger tips to mention in case our members have the urge of attending and hence ask us for advice.

H. F. KROHN

Sidney, Nebraska

SIR:

To my right lies the first volume of THE CRESSET, completely read. My reaction to this newest literary contribution: Thought-stimulating, instructive, the fulfillment of a long-felt need in our Church. Naturally, like every magazine, THE CRESSET contains articles which are not comparable to the light-giving property, but only to the pitch-wood which a cresset contains!

In answer to your request for comments relevant to the advisability of publishing reviews on motion pictures, I hasten to offer my opinion. Personally, I feel that it would be wholesome, enlightening, and helpful. The time is long over due for a Board of Review on the Cinema. Why not face the facts? The young people and adults of our Church frequent theatres.

Give us good reviews, intelligent suggestions, and then we can tell our adolescents what is vulgar, unwholesome, and beneath the refinement and culture of the average American, and simultaneously suggest those pictures that are educational, amusing, and less tainted than others!

PAUL G. STEPHAN

Newell, Iowa

SIR:

THE CRESSET has come and mine is read. It fills a need in our lives. I am especially interested in literature and public affairs. We, the pastors of our churches, ought to know the truth about what is going on in the world. People expect us to know and to give the correct view. THE CRESSET will help us.

I wish to urge THE CRESSET to review the best movies. We can only take one stand against the movie as conditions exist today and that is to advise our people not to go. Why? Because they must go first in order to find out whether the picture is good or not. There are so few good pictures. It is like finding a needle in a haystack. My position is that it is our duty to tell them which movies are good if we expect them to attend only clean ones. They have no way of finding out which ones are good. I hope THE CRESSET feels it its duty to venture on this difficult field. We will never get anywhere in our stand in regard to the movie until we

tell people which ones are good and which ones are bad.

We have topic study on the movies. We conclude that most of the pictures are bad and are to be avoided. We admit that a few are good. But who knows the good ones with the present day system of "blank or blind booking"? If we do not give our young people a chance to find out which ones are good we just as well might spare the time used in taking up the movie in topic study. Am I right?

I hope that THE CRESSET reviews the best movies!

ALBERT C. YOUNG
Springfield, Illinois

SIR:

Permit a few words of comment on the first issue of THE CRESSET. I enjoyed especially the book reviews, as I have vainly been trying to keep track of the best-sellers for assignments in our Book Club. I just finished a review of *Northwest Passage* and agree with THE CRESSET that it is a well written book and a real contribution to American historical novels. I did feel Book I was superior and less confusing than the second part.

As for reviews of motion pictures, I can see little value in them, at least for those of us who get the very first releases. Unless THE CRESSET staff has the means of pre-viewing pictures before the general releases, they will have been shown in our cities before THE CRESSET could publish reviews.

VIRGINIA WIETZKE
Owosso, Michigan

SIR:

At the Springfield-Decatur Conference of the Walther League—and incidentally just before THE CRESSET was put into the hands of the Leaguers—the group expressed its desire to send in the following resolution:

"Be it resolved that we urge the International Executive Board to look into the feasibility and practicability of offering to the Walther League a Christian viewpoint on the motion picture."

The suggestion offered in THE CRESSET relative to the movies has just that trend and we shall look forward to the day when we shall be able to read pro and con about the movies in THE CRESSET.

MILDRED SCHUMACHER
Springfield, Illinois

The Open Mind

SIR:

May I tell you at this time how much we enjoyed reading the first issue of THE CRESSET? You people have turned out a beautiful piece of work, not only as to mechanical make-up, but more particularly as to content. Here is something long past due, something we have long been waiting for. We should like to predict a great future for it.

I am glad that the editors of THE CRESSET are going to follow a policy of editorial independence in matters of controversy, and let the chips fall where they may. Intellectual independence—that is what I mean to convey. And so we say, do not be afraid to speak right up. We will love you the more for it, even though we may often disagree.

OSCAR SORENSON
LaCrosse, Wisconsin

How to Save Money

SIR:

When an envelope containing various official materials from your office recently arrived, I failed to notice that a copy of THE CRESSET was enclosed with a request for a review. The review was not written, because I hardly believe that it is suitable for my juvenile periodical.

However, as a bona fide subscriber I read with consuming interest the copy which arrived several weeks ago. In fact,

I read it with more than interest, because I was eager to know what this new venture was going to be like.

The book review section alone has induced me to scratch several items from my "must list." When I learned that *Victoria* was just about so much guano, it was promptly hoisted out of my budget. All told, this department has saved me several dollars. I liked the closing paragraph of the *Drums* review. And in that connection I rise to inquire why so many character novels cannot develop without a sex interpretation. Why must we have our minds illumined by the light of a Freudian cresset and human conduct explained by gazing into an alembic that so often contains a brew consisting largely of the essence of glands. (Incidentally, I wonder what Hyman Kaplan would do with that.)

I like the digested digest department, and also those articles that are inviting letters from the readers. I know you'll get some on controversial opinions. If such letters are going to disturb your editorial calm, stick to established things like the multiplication tables and such.

I hope that before long your CRESSET will be well on its way to an important place in the world of high-grade magazines. Certainly it should attract many readers who have more or less vaguely felt the need of a periodical of this type.

M. J. ROSCHKE
Editor—*The Young Lutherans' Magazine*

St. Louis, Missouri

How to Save Time

SIR:

May I take this opportunity to tell you how much I am enjoying my first copy? In fact, the book reviews have already saved me from some moments which no doubt would have been very disgusting. On the advice of several people who should know better, I started to read *And So—Victoria.* I had read the prologue. Then I read THE CRESSET review. The book went back to the library the next day. And so—I thank you.

WILMA SCHMOKEL

St. Paul, Minnesota

Is It Possible?

SIR:

Perhaps it will interest you to know how we made use of the first copy of THE CRESSET in our Bible Class. Our young people requested that we discuss current topics in the light of Scriptures. So last Sunday, adopting as our Bible topic the passage, Jn. 8, 31.32, If ye continue in (1) MY WORD, then are ye (2) MY DISCIPLES indeed, and ye shall know (3) THE TRUTH, and the truth shall make (4) YOU FREE, we discussed the advisability of discussing just current topics.

I tried to show them that they would be on the defensive most of the time, and that they would not really be studying the Bible as they should. Then I read, "Religion, Page 36."

Point two. They would be greatly outnumbered because the number of unbelievers that get into print greatly exceeds the number of believers.

Point three. The truth. Then we read, "A Matter of a Billion Years."

Point four. Perfect freedom. We discussed the "Truce between Science and Religion."

HERBERT BRUMMER

Roseville, Mich.

Thank You

SIR:

I cannot refrain from sending you my commendation on the inauguration of your new publication venture, THE CRESSET. You have set a very high standard to be maintained in future issues, but not too high to be constantly striven toward. Even

the skeptical would from a study of its splendid and inspiring contents and its artistic appearance have to admit that the Church must be the friend of culture and of all scholarly attainments.

Your very great problem will be, as it seems to me, to steer clear of political and quasi-social entanglements. Your comments on the Hugo Black appointment illustrate this. You have taken sides in a very controversial issue, and I'm afraid you will be immediately accused of Coughlinism. I hope you can for the success of your venture avoid such seeming partisanship in the future.

N. M. YLVISAKER
Executive Secretary
Norwegian Luther League
Minneapolis, Minn.

Good Sense

SIR:

The statement that THE CRESSET hopes to be a small lamp set on walls of the church to find things of value in the surrounding darkness, impressed me especially, as I believe that THE CRESSET as it develops and finds its place will be a real lamp to throw light into the surrounding darkness which has caused a number of us considerable confusion.

The statement you make that in matters in which truth is relative and fragmentary, the editors will grant each other and all contributors the widest freedom of thought and expression, also appealed to me.

In this connection, I should like to see the editors review controversial questions of economics and politics with the attitude of a reporter, and present both sides of the question, and in addition, wherever possible, give an interpretation of either or both sides of the question from a Christian viewpoint. I personally prefer this type of treatment of controversial questions much better than I do positive statements on the part of the editor for either side of the question, except, of course, where the editor is an outstanding authority on the subject and where he is willing to risk his reputation in taking a positive stand on such questions.

J. F. SAUERMAN
Chicago, Ill.

Dadaism—Pathological Horseplay

SIR:

I object to your reporter's calling the Dada movement pathological. It isn't; it's funny. It originated in a spirit of horseplay. It was not good art; it was never intended to be. It was good fun at the expense of the many serious esthetic theorists who cluttered up Paris at the turn of our century.

Perhaps the simplest way to explain what I mean is to sketch briefly what I think happened in Paris around 1900-1910. To begin with, many artists were dissatisfied with merely repeating what other artists had done well before them. They began with the study of the most elementary parts of a picture, organization, color values, and textures. They took a handful of unrelated objects and arranged them within a square as a study in layout, or iconography. They painted one picture which consisted of a small red circle slightly off center within a large green square. They tried to reduce the human face and body to its essential planes. They attempted to show motion by giving a dog in one picture about thirty paws instead of the conventional four. They made a picture which consisted of a lot of plus signs of different colors. They tried to keep the spectator always aware of the tool with which they were working. They tried, in fact, everything they could think of which had not been successfully worked out by earlier artists.

To a person not interested in art this may sound rather silly. The artists made it worse. Each group that tried a new

technique gave themselves a name. The men that were interested in organization called themselves Abstractionists. The interest in planes was called cubism; the interest in motion, futurism. Then abstractionism broke into two parts. One group continued the original studies, but they changed their name to Suprematists. Another group tried to express musical ideas in painting, and they called their movement synchronism. The Suprematists had some friends who were interested not only in organization, but also in color. They named themselves Neo-plasticists.

At any rate, the first reaction we have when we hear about all these little art movements is one of amusement. We don't have much excuse, because thirty years have passed in between and we have seen the value of their experiments. But in 1900 nobody knew that there was any worth to be derived from all the fuss and fury, and the Dada movement began as a hilarious take-off. Some humorless press agent made the joke into a misunderstood international laughing matter. You see, we were expected to laugh with the Dadaists, not at them. They intended to be funny.

The Surrealists were interested in moods more than scenes. They tried to paint the things they felt. The painting referred to in your article, where the watches bend over various appurtenances, is one of their pictures. It is about ten years later than the Dadaist movement in inspiration. That painting of the watches always made me feel a little feverish and ill. Maybe that was what the painter intended. I am not sure, but I do know the Surrealists in different pictures are able to present to me a series of moods. There is one that gives me the feeling of swimming through high waves, and one that makes me want to walk reverently on tiptoe. There are many that I do not understand, but I don't think that is necessarily the fault of the artist. It is too easy to dismiss the painter whose work is beyond our understanding by laughing at it. This is a fine attitude unless we happen to be with someone who has studied the picture enough to understand it. Such a person is liable to laugh at *us*.

HARRY LITTLE

Chicago, Ill.

The Author Replies

SIR:

Mr. Little is the kind of reader whom the staff of THE CRESSET depends upon for improving this magazine. He is a critical reader who takes nothing on authority. But he is wrong concerning the new technique in art. The Dada movement was not a hilarious take-off, did not originate in a spirit of horse-play, and we have not made the mistake of taking seriously a movement that was only intended to be a practical joke on art lovers. One should read the articles in the *Dial* of ten or twelve years ago to realize the deadly seriousness of the cubists and of Dadaism generally. Read in the *Dial* of February 1923 the announcement of an exhibition by Jacques Villon, who "laboured away at these colour compositions for two years in complete indifference to the fluttering banners of the advance-guard in Paris," who "manages to hold on to a set of artistic principles and refine them into expression in spite of the thunderous edicts of the boulevards," etc. Or read the preface to the Catalogue of the 1913 Exhibition in Chicago, which called upon American artists to recognize in the paintings of Picabia, Villon, Picasso, Redon, and others, "forces which cannot be ignored because they have had results" and even suggested that through distance the American painters and sculptors "may have fallen behind." Besides, I remember that a picture of two wooden shoes by Van Gogh was sold for $2600 at this Exhibition. Collectors do not pay $2600 for a canvas less than one foot square as a reward for practical joking. And by the way, may not a movement be funny *and* pathological?

THEODORE GRAEBNER

Contributors — Problems — Final Notes

THE CRESSET is especially proud of its *Music Column* this month. Our comparatively late publication date made it possible for the conductor of our *Music Column* to be the first in the field with a thorough critique of the work of Maurice Ravel who died in the closing weeks of December. Undoubtedly Ravel was one of the most significant figures in modern music and his death recalls many of the changes which have taken place in this field during the past two decades.

The Editor's Lamp

THE Editor notes with much interest and no little enthusiasm that a minor war has broken out between the *Alembic* and the *Music Column*. Since the issue at stake is somewhat removed from our ken, we are unable to judge its merits. We have, however, the highest respect for the controversial ability of both sides. As we listened to a recent concert of the orchestra of the New York Philharmonic Society over the radio we seemed to hear the announcer present one number as "The Ballad of Unhatched Chickens." If that is true, we momentarily line up with the *Alembic*. While we are speaking of controversial issues we find that some of our lynx-eyed readers have discovered that the *Pilgrim* and the *Alembic* disagree on the value of Dorothy Thompson to the world. The *Alembic* rates her above zero and the *Pilgrim* below zero. We await future developments.

THE wide distribution of *And So—Victoria* has attracted unusual attention to our reviewer's blast against it in the November issue of THE CRESSET. It may be of interest to record that in the pages of *The New Yorker*—a journal not noted for moral indignation—Clifton Fadiman, in his review of his own reviews written during the year 1937, said: "Some of this department's most ill-bred sneers were let loose, if sneers can be let loose, at Vaughan Wilkins' *And So—Victoria,* which has taken readers by storm. With all my sneering, however, I forgot to say in so many words that it is one of the worst novels I have ever read. I now say in so many words that it is one of the worst novels I have ever read." We

are grateful to watchful reader Walter E. Menzel, Jr., of Hartford, Connecticut, for this note.

AGAIN the Editors desire to emphasize the fact that contributions, from whatever source they may come, are most welcome at the editorial office. We shall be especially happy to see specimens of verse or suggestions for major articles. The pages of THE CRESSET will always be open to writers who can translate the contemporary American scene into readable English.

ONE of the major purposes of THE CRESSET is to make available to wider circles the knowledge of specialists in various fields. In keeping with this purpose the Editors are building a large group of book reviewers who bring to their task the training and attitude of the specialist. In this issue we present reviews by Martin Walker, pastor at Calvary Church, Buffalo, New York, and one of the outstanding theologians and preachers in American Lutheranism. Miss Harriet Schwenk is a graduate of Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, and a member of the Graduate School at that institution. Alfred Schmieding is professor of Education at Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Illinois. He has specialized in educational research. Walter E. Kraemer, pastor at Trinity Church, Cordelia, California, is a former missionary to India and well qualified to examine a novel of life in that country.

THE article "A Preface to Naziism" is from the pen of J. Frederic Wenchel, pastor at Christ Church, Washington, D.C. For a number of years Mr. Wenchel has contributed notes on National affairs to various periodicals. He is the official representative of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States in the National Capital.

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Whitley Bay, Scotland, commemorates the octocentenary of St. Magnus Cathedral—a building which for 800 years without a break has been a place of public worship. Here in America it is difficult to realize the many implications of age.

FORTHCOMING ISSUES

I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

RADIO'S ACCOUNT WITH RELIGION
ARE WE EDUCATED?
STUDIES IN MODERN LITERATURE
COMMUNISM AND FASCISM
THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER
RELIGION IN THE DUST BOWL
DETECTIVE STORIES
WAR AND PEACE
A PREACHER LOOKS AT LIFE
INDIAN LEGENDS IN NEBRASKA

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

MAN THE UNKNOWN ..... *Alexis Carrel*
FOREVER ULYSSES ..... *C. P. Rodocanachi*
UPPER MISSISSIPPI ..... *Walter Havighurst*
MAN, BREAD AND DESTINY ..... *C. C. Furnas*
DREAMTHORP ..... *Alexander Smith*
THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS ..... *Leo C. Rosten*
A REPORTER AT THE PAPAL COURT ..... *Thomas B. Morgan*
I KNEW HITLER ..... *Kurt G. W. Ludecke*
AN ARTIST IN AMERICA ..... *Thomas Benton*
ENDS AND MEANS ..... *Aldous Huxley*
NO HEARTS TO BREAK ..... *Susan Ertz*
HEINRICH HEINE—LIFE—POEMS ..... *Louis Untermeyer*
RELIGION AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS ..... *Harris F. Rall*
THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING ..... *Lin Yutang*
ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA ..... *Eugene Lyons*
PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT ..... *M. W. Fodor*
DARK ISLANDS ..... *John Vandercook*
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN ..... *Eliot Paul*
AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF ART HISTORY ..*Frank J. Roos, Jr.*
JOHN WESLEY ..... *Maximin Piette*
THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM ..... *Thurman W. Arnold*
LE PETIT CATÉCHISME ..... *Martin Luther*


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